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A Bit of Humor Balances the Cares in the Scales of Greatness.

12195.

Waifs of the Press

Some Stories of Statesmen and Others.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY HARRY L. WORK.

Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" are not in it with many of
these, which have been credited to this and then to that
Great Man, until their origin has been lost.
But they are good yarns, just the same.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:
WALTER NEALE, PUBLISHER,
1898.

10 -

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—
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'TIS BETTER.

DEDICATED TO H. L. WORK.

'Tis better to try though we fail,
Than never to try at all.
Tis better to laugh than to wail,
Tho' tears are given to all.

'Tis better to love than to hate,
For God in His glory knows
That the good are only the great—
And friends are better than foes.

'Tis better to hope and believe
Than live with the Demon of Doubt;
'Tis better to die than deceive,
For the straight is the smoothest route.

JOHN A. JOYCE.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 10, 1897.

PREFAGE.

It will be noticed that, in addition to the collection of "Waifs," there is here and there to be found in this volume certain matter which possibly has not found its way into the columns of the newspaper press, and, particularly, several items which are taken either literally or in substance from the pages of the Congressional Record. In looking up these incidents, and verifying the foundations for the stories, I have been greatly aided by Mr. H. W. Campbell, of the House Library.

My scrap books, from which most of these stories have been taken, I have been keeping for more than twenty years. Some tales in that time have appeared a half-dozen times, in one dress or another. But where I have no record; or mayhap have overlooked it, I have endeavored to give due credit.

Should this book meet with popular favor, it is aimed to soon present another, which will be composed almost entirely of excerpts from these old Records—among which are to be found many interesting incidents.

Hoping these laughs contained in this volume may commend it to the reading public,

I am, respectfully,

H. L. W.

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THE CHANCES OF AGREEMENT.

Two gentlemen were discussing the possibility of Maryland followers of the Wellington and anti-Wellington factions coming to an agreement.

"I think I see them agreeing," said Mr. B. F. Warner, who was standing near. "I fancy their renewal of friendship would be like that of old Peters and Henshaw."

"And what was that like?"

"Why, Peters and Henshaw had not spoken to each other for ten years, though during all that time they were next-door neighbors. At last a revivalist came along and so stirred Henshaw's heart that meeting Peters at the church door, he extended his hand and said:

"Good morning, Brother Peters."

"Brother Peters was amazed.

"Why, Neighbor Henshaw," said he, "you have not spoken to me for ten years before. What prompts you to do so now?"

"Brother Peters," answered Henshaw. "I have just experienced religion and my soul is humbled to the dust. Why, sir, I am so humiliated that I would shake hands with a d----d dog."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Willis Brains Hawkins, in "Postscripts" in the Washington Post, some time in 1890, produced this story:

There are many persons still living who know that this story is true: Dave Ray was a big, gawk of a fellow with a warm, tender heart, but dreadfully bad manners. He swore like a Mississippi river mate, and, being an impulsive chap with no very intellectual gifts or attainments, he guffawed when he laughed and blubbered when he wept, both of which he stood always ready to do on seemingly slight provocation. Of course he was boisterous and sincerely patriotic—such men are sure to be.

When the call was made by President Lincoln for three-months men, Dave was among the first in his village to enlist, though he restrained his younger brother from doing so because somebody must remain at home to look after their aged, widowed mother.

On the day when the company left the village Dave held his mother in his arms for a long time and mingled the tears of his unbounded affection with those of hers. She was not strong enough to go to the train with him, but she kissed him at the door and said with all her loving heart:

"Good-by, my darling boy; good-by, and heaven bless you."

All was bustle at the railway station. The new soldiers were standing in file along the platform, and brothers, sisters, friends were running up and down the line kissing, shaking hands, embracing, and weeping. Then the train came up and stopped, and the soldiers filed into the rear car, which had been reserved for them. There was waving of hands and handkerchiefs. Last words were spoken through the open windows and the train began to move.

Dave Ray, a very giant in stature and strength, tore his way through the crowded aisle and reached the rear platform. His younger brother ran along behind the train to have and to hear the final parting word.

“Good-by, Jack,” shouted Dave, his big voice drenched, so to speak, in bubbling tears. “Good-by, Jack, dear boy,” and then, yelling with the desperation of a loving son torn for the first time, perhaps for the last, from his mother’s side, he blurted out above all other sounds:

“Take care of mother, Jack;” and as his heart swelled to its utmost with affection, his voice gave forth its utmost strength: “Tell her goodby, G—d d—n her.”

It was a terrible speech to make—one which, you would say, should rouse the laughter of all but those whom it too greatly shocked. But it did not. There was so much real eloquence in Dave’s surrender to the force of habit, so much genuine affection sent forth in this awful appeal, that those who had

small griefs of their own forgot them and shed their tears for Dave.

Dave Ray was killed at Paducah. His mother died before the three-months men came home. And let us hope and believe nobody who was present when that train drew out, and heard the loving son's last message to his mother, has ever been so irreverent as to laugh at the mistake his habit, not his heart, caused him to make.

NOT RIGHT BY A DAM SIGHT.

(From Congressional Record, June 21, 1897.)

Mr. Cannon. * * * Now, one other remark. We are informed by the gentleman from Maine that there is this dock and one other, namely, at Port Royal, for the docking of battle ships. There seems to be a dock at Port Royal that would take in the "Indiana"; but it is like unto the mill site in Kansas. You recollect that familiar old story, where the man said there was no mill at the dam site, and there was no dam—you recollect the remainder of the story. (Laughter.)

Mr. Boutelle.—Is not the trouble with my friend that he did not get his story right by a dam sight? (Laughter.)

Mr. Cannon.—That is so. I do not want to make the quotation, but I discover that the seed fell upon fruitful soil, so that everybody understands it. (Renewed Laughter.)

THE BILL OF FARE.

This is a story General Robertson tells of a kinsman of his and an army officer now on the retired list. It is a true story, though, of course, no one can hope to tell it as the General does. It happened in New Mexico. The General's kinsman, Major B., riding out early one morning met Colonel X. Colonel X was making a long march with his command, and the provision wagons had gone astray. The Colonel was hot and tired and hungry. The Major invited him home to breakfast. The Major's fortunes were at a low ebb, and when the breakfast was brought on it proved to consist entirely of rice, rice cooked in the wonderful Southern fashion, with every kernel perfect. The hungry guest ate a spoonful. He detests rice. Then he waited for a second course.

"Have some rice, Colonel," said the Major, whom nothing ever disconcerts, quite as if the rice had but that moment appeared.

"No!" snapped the Colonel. "I'm a Kentuckian, sir, and I don't eat rice. I don't eat rice, sir. Give me something else."

"Why, certainly, Colonel, certainly," said the host. "Try some of the mustard; it's very fine, sir, very fine."

HIS FIRST INTERVIEW.

The late ex-Senator Coke, of Texas, though, as a rule, a taciturn and reserved man, had a sense of humor and was something of a diplomat. Shortly after his appearance in the Senate he was approached by a newspaper correspondent for an interview on a leading question of the day. The request had come from the home office, as the correspondent explained.

"Sit down, my young friend," said Mr. Coke, "and tell me, the first thing, if I can trust you."

The correspondent said pleasantly that he regarded himself as a safe risk.

"Why I ask that," continued the Senator, with a smile, "is because I have a confession to make. I don't know much of anything about the question you mention, but I can't afford to admit that to your newspaper. I take this request for my views as a compliment. I'm a new man on the scene, and an interview in as prominent a paper as yours will help to introduce me. I ought to have some views. What do you know about the question?"

The correspondent replied that he had read the bills recently introduced bearing on the subject, had listened to the speeches in advocacy of them, and so forth.

The Senator's face lighted up. "My young friend, do you want this interview right away?"

"No, sir. It goes by mail. To-morrow will do."

"Then you go and get copies of some of those bills and a few of those speeches and bring them here, and we'll have a conversation."

The correspondent returned in an hour with a bundle of papers, and he and the Senator went over them together. The Senator would put in a word, and then the correspondent would put in a word. Finally the Senator said:

"Now you go home and write out the interview and bring the copy here."

This also the correspondent did, and upon his return his greeting was a cordial one. Senator Coke read the story twice over, repeating portions of it aloud, and then, handing it back, said:

"My young friend, we work in double harness together admirably. That is all right, and you can send it on to your paper. Now you stand up for me, and I'll stand up for the interview."

The story was well displayed in print, and it established a friendship between the Senator and the correspondent which continued to the end.

HE CARRIED THE TOWNSHIP.

Hon. W. A. Stone, who represented the Twenty-third Pennsylvania district in Congress, and who in this year of our Lord 1897 is an avowed candidate for Governor of the Keystone State, made his first lurch into politics as a candidate for District Attorney of his native county of Tioga, in 1873.

In reminiscing of that campaign, Mr. Stone tells a good story of how he carried the Township of Liberty, then as now a pretty "close" district.

Like most of Tioga in those days, Liberty was a lumber district, where brawn rather than brains was liable to be the controlling influence. There lived in this township a family named Henley, which consisted of father, mother and seven stalwart sons. The men were all voters. Naturally, this aggregate of muscle in one family commanded a great deal of respect in that vicinage, and it was currently, and properly, believed that as the Henleys voted so went Liberty Township.

"Unfortunately for me," said Mr. Stone, "the Henleys seemed to be for the other fellow; but I determined to at least make an effort to secure them, and one very cold day drove out to their home. I found all the men folk were in the timber, but the mother, a rugged, strong-featured woman, was sitting before the huge fireplace knitting socks—those old-time, all-wool-and-an-inch-thick socks, that you don't see any more.

“As I betrayed some interest in the knitting, the old lady finally confided to me that she not only knit the socks for her own family, but found time to knit some for sale.

“‘And what do you get for such a pair of socks as these?’ I asked.

“‘Thirty-five cents at the store at the crossing,’ she replied.

“‘Why, my dear Mrs. Henley,’ said I, ‘I have been looking for just such socks as these. You know you can’t find them in the stores in town. They are just the thing for driving these cold days. Now, if you will knit me a half dozen pair like these, I will give you 50 cents a pair for them.’

“The old lady was pleased, and showed it, so, without waiting to see the men, and without mentioning my business at all, but simply leaving my name and address and a dollar as earnest of my sincerity, I drove home.

“Did I carry the township? Well, I just did, and the Henley boys are my friends to this day.

“And among my collection of mascots you will find a pair of blue woolen socks thick enough to stand alone.”

NO GENTLEMAN WEIGHS MORE THAN 200 POUNDS.

It is told of Speaker Reed that on one of those days during the special session of 1897, when the House was preparing for its semi-weekly, 30-minute meeting, Mr. Fowler, of New Jersey, who, by the way, is no "light-weight," in any sense, himself, met Mr. Reed in the Speaker's lobby and, after the usual courteous greetings, the two fell into a desultory chat, when Mr. Fowler finally asked:

"Mr. Speaker, how much do you weigh, anyhow?"

"Two hundred pounds," was the prompt response.

"Only 200," said the surprised Fowler. "Why I think I can beat that; and you are certainly heavier than I."

"Well," said Reed, with his entertaining drawl, "I may be a bigger man than you are, Fowler, but I assure you no gentleman ever weighs over 200 pounds."

And now Fowler says he weighs only 198.

IN RECONSTRUCTION DAYS.

A Member from Kentucky tells this old story:

A stranger had gone into one of the Southern States to have a little sport with his gun, but after hunting nearly all day was well-nigh disgusted at having found nothing to shoot. He was about to give up when he chanced to meet a native.

"I thought this was a great country for game," said the stranger.

"Waal, so it war a bit ago. Ther war a right smart o' game roun' hyar afo' the boys got to gunnin' fur it, but I reckon it's mostly killed off now."

"I should say it had been. Why, I've been tramping through these woods since early this morning, and I haven't seen a blessed thing to shoot at."

The native, whose heart was full of that beautiful hospitality for which the South was so famous in ante-bellum times, stopped and stood in deep meditation for some seconds.

"Dogged ef I don't hate to see you go 'way disappointed, stranger, but——"

An idea struck him—a good idea.

"What time is it, stranger?" he asked.

"Quarter past four."

"Waal, now," said the native, with spirit, "you go over and stand behind the big tree at the fork of the road just beyond the knoll. School'll be out in just fifteen minutes, an' you'll get a right good shot at the d—d Yankee schoolmaster."

PAPA PAID.

Senator Vest and Judge John W. Henry were spending a week at that resort of statesmen and politicians, Sweet Springs, Mo., a few years ago.

The distinguished gentlemen "put up" at one of the leading hotels, and proceeded at once to political and recuperative duties. The week passed in the trials and enjoyments of the same, and when the time came for an accounting with the autocrat of the hotel the dignitaries professed satisfaction with everything connected with the same.

An observant person might have noticed two youths standing in the rear of the office and interestedly watching the actions of their sires. The youths were Messrs. Vest and Henry, Jr., who had accompanied their fathers to Sweet Springs and had enjoyed themselves in their own fashion.

When the bills were presented, the Senator and the Judge looked grave, and then indignant. They demanded that the bills be itemized. This done, their faces assumed an unnatural length. It was the Judge who was able to command his vocal powers first. Looking about, he caught sight of his broadly smiling son.

"Come here, Bob."

Bob obeyed.

"I see cigars charged at 25 cents apiece."

"Yes, sir."

"I didn't smoke them."

“No sir.”

“Did you?”

“Yes, sir.”

“But, sir, you can’t afford this.”

“I know it, sir; but, you know, I’m not paying for them. I thought you could afford them, sir.”

And the seniors paid.

GAVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE.

A young man who had been two days at the Ponce de Leon on what may well be called a combination of business and pleasure, since he was courting a millionaire’s daughter temporarily residing there, went to the clerk and asked for his bill.

The clerk looked at the young man carefully for a long moment, then made out and handed over a bill for \$238.

The young man did not stagger or grow pallid. He tossed the slip of paper back to the clerk and said: “Guess again, you chump; I’ve got more money than that.”

“DIXIE.”

(From the Louisville Courier-Journal.)

This story is not a new one. It is old in point of dates, though not in publicity. It is true, however, or at least vouched for as such by a New York man born in the South. And this was the way he told it:

“What year was it that Pat Gilmore’s band was playing in Madison Square Garden for the last time? It doesn’t matter. It was the year before Gilmore’s death, anyhow. I ought to remember the date, though, for one of your Louisville boys caused me to remember every incident of a certain night that season. I’ll tell you about it if you like.”

The question in the New Yorker’s words was drowned in the tone that vociferated his wish to tell the story, and it was called for by a polite chorus.

“I had been to a dinner party and drifted into the garden because I was lonely and had seen everything at the theaters worth seeing. I didn’t pay much attention to the concert, and as I sipped a green mint I became interested in a young man at the table next to mine. I didn’t know him then, but I learned afterward that he was a prominent young insurance man of this city. He had evidently been seeing the seamy side of New York for some days, and had ‘held up his end,’ as is the custom of Kentuckians. But he had come to the conclusion that he needed a little solitude; had forsaken his friends and found the desired loneliness in the crowded gar-

den. He picked his steps with suspicious care as he came in, but the good form of his appearance was marred only by a wrinkle or two on the linen that formed part of his evening dress. The cause of these wrinkles was apparent when, leaving his glass untouched before him, his head sank and he fell into a much-needed sleep. I smiled and thought of other things until toward the close of the program the band began a medley of national airs. It opened with 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Marching Through Georgia,' and half a dozen other tunes followed, and then with a brassy crash the band started the air that for all time will start a-tingling every drop in the veins of a Southern-born man. The bowed neck of the sleeping stranger swung straight and his eyes opened. Dazed by his sudden awakening, he looked about him a moment. Then, as the strains of the music swept upon his ear, he sprang to his feet, shot one hand with a clenched fist above his head, and in a voice that echoed from side to side of the big building, yelled:

“ ‘Dixie! By G—d!’

“There was an instant of dead silence followed by a shout of laughter and applause. Gilmore looked around, provoked and disconcerted, and for the first time that famous band blundered and the medley continued with little regard for musical accuracy. No lobster a la Newburg was ever redder than that young man from Louisville as he sat in his chair. He wished himself a thousand miles away, but he was too game to run, and when first one and then another

employe of the place gathered around him and told him he must leave, this conversation followed:

“‘You must get out of here.’

“‘I won’t do it.’

“‘You’ve got to. You’ve raised a disturbance here, and you’ll either get out or be put out.’

“‘I won’t go. I’m sorry I made any noise, but it will be bad for the first man that lays hands on me for cheering for Dixie.’

“‘Come, get out of here.’

“And just then, three tables away, a big dark man arose and came toward the group. From five tables away a little man with blazing eyes was already coming. Five—ten—twenty men were coming from this side and that. I lost count of the number, but in a moment the employes around the young stranger were no longer in an overwhelming majority, and in low, quiet tones, in whose coolness lay the bull-dog growl, I heard:

“‘He’ll not go out.’

“‘Not until he’s quite ready.’

“‘Leave the gentleman alone; leave him at once.’

“And they left him. And the crowd made Gilmore play that medley three times. And every time ‘Dixie’ was reached there was a cheer that made the roof ring. And that’s all there is to my story, except that I am going to look up that young man while I’m here, because he blotted out ten years of New York and brought me mighty close to ‘my old Kentucky home’ that night.”

A DELICATE FLATTERER.

"I suppose we all have our little vanities," said the Hon. James Hamilton Lewis, when complimented on his many accomplishments. "You remember how a shrewd person warmed even the heart of the Iron Duke by remarking when presented: 'I have longed, your grace, for the honor of meeting the one man in Europe who is proof against flattery.' But the palm for delicate compliment belongs to a man who called me to the door of the house the other day. 'Is this Colonel James Hamilton Lewis?' he asked, as I faced him. 'Plain Mr. Lewis, at your service,' I answered. 'Mr. Lewis,' said he, 'I was so much struck with a speech you made in the House last week that I went to the document room to get a copy for myself and another for a friend. They charged me five cents for a copy, and I hadn't the change. Could you lend me enough to buy two copies?' As it happened, I had not made any speech the week before, and, of course, they don't sell speeches at the document room; but I let him have the dime he wanted. I reproached myself afterwards for not making it a quarter. Such an artist in flattery as he ought to drink something better than 10-cent whisky."

AMONG THE YOUNGSTERS.

BILLY MASON'S BOY.

When Senator Mason, of Illinois, was a plain M. C., he lived on Twelfth street, N. W., while in Washington, and had a room in the basement for an office.

One morning while Mason and a number of visitors were in the office, the door opened and his three-year-old son walked in, says the Washington Post.

"Good morning," said Mr. Mason, cordially. "To what do we owe the honor of your visit?"

"I dust had a conveysashun wiz a pleeceman," was the serious response.

"Indeed," remarked his father. "And what did the pleeceman say?"

"He said 'Hello!'" was the response.

"And what did you say?" asked Mason.

The tot regarded the gathering gravely.

"I tame in," he responded simply.

The party roared.

"I reckon that's the briefest conversation on record," said Mason when the laugh subsided.

Senator Mason had another son getting along toward his teens. One day the young man regarded his father critically, and then remarked:

"I wouldn't be as big and fat as you are for the whole lake front."

The Senator immediately began to tell his boy that avoirdupois was the accompaniment of rectitude and honesty.

"Some of these days," he said, "I'm going to take you out to Joliet, and then you'll find that there's not a fat man in the penitentiary. You look out, sonny, and you'll find fat policemen, and fat judges, and all that sort of people, but you won't find any bad men who are fat."

He expected to knock the lad out with this argument, but he was fooled.

"Aw!" ejaculated the youngster scornfully. "I know the reason for that. You fat men are too smart to be found out."

There's a little girl in Washington not always well behaved, whose mother has many serious talks with her. Once upon a day, after a painful scene, the mother said:

"Now, dear, I want you to tell me what God gives little girls mothers for, if it isn't that mothers are older and wiser than little girls and can tell them what is right and what is wrong to do."

"I don't fink God sends mothers to little girls," sobbed the child. The mother was aghast at the revolutionary idea.

"You don't think He sends mothers to little girls?" she gasped.

"No," went on the child, "I know He 'ist sends little girls to mothers, 'cause He knows 'at they wouldn't be happy if they didn't have somebody to spank all the time."

An eminent preacher took dinner with a family where there was a four-year-old daughter. The visitor served the butter, and neglected to help the little one. Fearful of not asking the great divine in proper form, she pondered long, and finally asked, after attracting his attention: "Please, for Christ's sake, pass the butter."

A Chicago little girl was whispering in a Sunday-school while the superintendent was speaking. By way of rebuke, the latter looked directly at her and said:

"Let me know when you have finished, and I will resume."

"All right, sir," says Miss Innocence, who finished her little story, and then, to the superintendent: "You are very kind. I am finished."

THE QUAKER AND THE CANNIBAL.

One of our famous actors was at times the victim of strange fancies. Once he took the fancy to be an absolute vegetarian, and while possessed of this idea he was traveling on a steamboat and happened to be placed at table opposite a solemn Quaker, who had been attracted by the eloquent conversation of the great actor. The benevolent old Quaker, observing the lack of viands on his vis-a-vis plate, kindly said:

“Friend, shall I not help thee to the breast of this chicken?”

“No, I thank you, friend,” replied the actor.

“Then shall I not cut thee a slice of the ham?”

“No, friend, not any.”

“Then thee must take a piece of the mutton. Thy plate is empty,” persisted the good old Quaker.

“Friend,” said the actor in the deep, stentorian tones whose volume and power had so often electrified audiences; “friend, I never eat any flesh but human flesh, and I prefer that raw.”

The old Quaker was speechless, and his seat was changed to another table at the next meal.

BOTH WERE ASSISTANTS.

A good story is told of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow. While on a recent trip to the St. Lawrence Mr. Bristow, with a party, was stopping at Frontenac. Ever having in mind his official duties, Mr. Bristow one morning thought he would step down to the Frontenac mail-slinging department and see how things moved in his line on the St. Lawrence.

The local office is situated in the pavilion on the dock, in conjunction with the ticket and express offices, says the Syracuse Standard. Charge of postal affairs devolves chiefly on a clerk who is quite assertive of his brief authority. Mr. Bristow peeped in at the window to see the clerk busy at his work.

“How many mails do you receive here daily?” the assistant postmaster-general asked.

“Four,” was the curt reply.

“How many go out?”

“Same number.”

“Where are the pouches received?” was the next question.

“Right through this window.”

“How do you handle them when they go out?”

By this time the clerk’s eyes were as big as saucers.

“It seems to me you are pretty fresh with your questions,” he said.

“But I am connected with the Post Office De-

partment of the United States Government," said Mr. Bristow, "and I ask officially for information."

"I don't know whether you are or not," was the clerk's answer to this.

"I am Mr. Bristow, of Washington, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States," said the inquisitor.

"How do you rank?"

"Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States."

"Well," said the clerk, as he took his seat, "I am the first assistant postmaster in Frontenac, and you can go plumb to ____."

Tableau. When Mr. Bristow left Frontenac he sent the clerk a bottle of champagne, with his compliments.

BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE TO.

A good story is told of Paul Carpenter, the energetic son of the late Senator Matt H. Carpenter, and the incident happened when he was a very young boy, and while his father was representing the State in the United States Senate. At a gathering one evening somebody said:

"Well, Paul, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the young patriot. "I'd like to be a hack-driver, but I suppose I'll have to be a Senator like papa."

THE LAST SPOON.

The last time that spoons were vividly recalled to General Butler was on the occasion of his last lecture at Cincinnati. It was in Pike's Opera House before that handsome place of amusement became the home of the chamber of commerce. Some practical jokers bored a hole in the proscenium arch, and as the General was approaching the climax of his speech lowered a large spoon on a string till it hung within a foot of him. The General's eye had not been operated on then, and he could not see very well.

The indistinct vision of something in the air caused him to step back a pace or two and strike at it with his hand. He probably thought it was a fly. The spoon descended another foot, and he then recognized it. The spectators were watching the scene in speechless amazement, wondering what would happen next. The lecturer paused a moment, then quietly extended his hand and grasped the spoon.

"Ah," he said, "there's one I didn't get."

With that he put the spoon in his pocket, and, when the laughter and wild shouting of the spectators had ceased, continued his speech as if nothing had happened.

General Robertson tells a story of General Butler which, as the old hero himself told it to General Robertson, may be new to the reader. It happened one time when General Butler was in Portland. A

great reception had been arranged in his honor, and the largest hall in town was engaged to hold it in. The place was lavishly decorated, and one white muslin banner especially attracted the General's attention. On it was painted in large black letters:

“General Benjamin F. Butler, the hero of Five Forks.”

And beneath the big letters somebody had written:

“And goodness only knows how many spoons.”

THOSE FEARSOME DAKOTA STORMS.

Senator Roach, of North Dakota, in telling of his early experience as a farmer in that State, says:

“The electric storms were so frequent and violent that nearly all of the stock was killed off by lightning. Finally we got to putting lightning rods on the cattle and horses. One day two Durham bulls were fencing during a storm with the rods that stuck up between their horns. Lightning struck the wire just as the two rods came in contact, and both bulls were knocked down. Each one thought the other one had done it, and those bulls were afraid as death of each other ever afterwards.

“But,” continued the Senator, musingly, “that was as nothing to the way the political lightning is prone to strike in our State.”

SENATOR HARRIS' COMPLAINT.

One day he went to one of the chief officers of the Senate in a white heat of passion. In the most picturesque language he demanded the immediate dismissal of one of the guardians of the lobby.

"The fellow has insulted me," he said. "I demand his immediate discharge."

"Surely, if he has insulted you, Senator, he shall be put off the force at once," was the prompt reply. "May I ask in what way he has insulted you?"

"He ordered me to take off my hat."

"He ordered you to take off your hat! Is that possible?"

The Senator hesitated a minute, with his jaw set tight.

"To be exact," he replied, "he did not order me to take my hat off, but told me that I had my hat on."

"Was he respectful in his manner?" the official asked.

"Why, of course, sir, he was respectful."

"Then, Senator, he was only doing his duty. He is placed in the ladies' reception room to see that the proprieties are observed."

The Senator looked very hard at the official for a minute, and then said, with great calmness and suavity:

"Please come with me. I spoke harshly to that man."

Leading the way, the Senator went into the reception room and called the offending servitor up to him. Then, looking over the people assembled in the room, he picked out all he could identify as having been there when he abused the man, and called them to him.

“Now, sir,” he said, addressing the man, “I acted like a blackguard to you a few minutes ago, because you were doing your duty. I want to apologize to you in the presence of these people, and say that I am ashamed of my conduct.”

With that he turned on his heel and went into the Senate Chamber.

DANGEROUS.

Representative Joy, of St. Louis, tells that a Broadway merchant of that city dismissed a dissipated employe the other day and the culprit went into the private office for an explanation.

“Why did you fire me?” he asked, plumply.

The gentleman addressed looked up quietly from his desk.

“Well,” he replied, firmly, “I fired you because you sat around the place loaded all the time and I considered it dangerous.”

That ended the argument right there.

HERE I AM, LORD.

Many stories have been told of the late Samuel S. Cox, of New York, who, though he became one of the most influential members of the lower House, was for years handicapped by the fact that when he first came to Congress he was inclined to pose as a humorist, and later, when he sought to be heard in a serious vein, the House declined to receive him at any but its first estimate.

The snubs he received were innumerable, but Cox was irrepressible, and eventually, as stated, became a very pronounced quantity.

The story of how Ben Butler, big all over, after repeated interruptions from Cox, declined to listen further, and utterly suppressed the little man by a wave of the hand and the expression, "Shoo, fly," has been told and printed times without number.

But probably the hardest blow Cox ever received, because the spot touched was an exceeding sore one, was from the lips of the late William D. Kelley, of Philadelphia—"Pig Iron Kelley," as he was known.

Mr. Kelley was an ardent protectionist, and was as able as he was ardent in expounding his theory. Cox was a free-trader. Kelley was making a speech on the tariff. Cox, as usual, was irritating him with interruptions.

The occasion was just after the late Samuel J. Randall, like Kelley, from Philadelphia, and, though a Democrat, a protectionist, was chosen Speaker.

Cox, by length of service in the House, was entitled, according to usage, to one or more of the better chairmanships, but as he and Mr. Randall were not on particularly good terms, and as his reputation was still rather that of a joker than a serious thinker, he had been placed at the head of the Joint Committee on the Library, newly created, and the duties of which were practically nil—the most important perhaps being the writing of orders for bouquets on the Horticultural Garden.

Mr. Kelley, wearying of the questions of the shifty Cox, suddenly suspended his speech and said:

“Mr. Speaker and fellow-members, many of you, most of you, no doubt, are familiar with a book from which I wish to quote a little story. Many of you, most of you, no doubt, are even familiar with the story. Hence it will not be necessary for me to give the details leading up to, but to proceed at once to the story.

“The book I refer to is called the Bible, and the story has reference to an incident in the life of a young man called Samuel.

“As the story goes, the Lord had occasion for the services of Samuel, and in the dead of night he called him:

“‘Samuel, Samuel, wherefore art thou, Samuel?’

“And Samuel was frightened, and failed to answer.

“So the Lord called again, and yet again, and Samuel, gaining courage, finally answered, though

we may surmise in a very weak voice, "Here I am, Lord."

It has occurred to me, Mr. Speaker, that should the Lord have occasion to-day for the services of our Samuel, and should call as of old, "Samuel, Samuel, wherefore art thou, Samuel?" the still, small voice of the gentleman from New York would be heard in reply:

"Here I am, Lord; away down here on the Horticultural Committee."

Kelley had a voice like a fog-horn, but the last sentence was pronounced in a falsetto tone, which was an excellent imitation of the sharp voice of Cox.

The House roared. Cox disappeared in a cloak room. Kelley finished his speech without further interruption, and, it is said, that Cox was not again heard to raise his voice during that session.

LIKE HOGS OR LIKE GENTLEMEN.

The Fort Scott (Kans.) Monitor is responsible for this, though it is barely probable they claim originality for it:

Years ago, when it was more the fashion in Kansas than at present, United States Attorney "Bill" Perry gave a "stag party" to his gentlemen friends at Fort Scott. He had procured a bountiful supply of cold beer for the delectation of his guests, but hid it away in an upper room as a post-prandial surprise. When the proper time arrived for the revelation of his surprise, he said to the assembled company:

"Boys, I have a lot of cold beer upstairs, but before we start I want to know whether you intend to drink like gentlemen or like hogs?"

"Oh, we'll drink like gentlemen; lead on, 'Billy,'" chorused a dozen voices in reply.

"That settles it," replied the jovial host, as a smile rippled over all three of his double chins, I'll have to send for more beer. A hog always knows when he's got enough."

SHOUTED FOR THE WRONG MAN.

“The Fayetteville centennial celebration was one of the most notable events of recent years in North Carolina,” says Representative Linney, of the Eighth District. The Marine Band was there. The principal orator was Senator Ransom.

“A score of prominent men sat on the platform, including Senators Vance and Ransom, a majority of the congressional delegation, and other distinguished citizens. Governor Daniel Fowler made the introductions. He is a very deliberate and impressive speaker. Walking to the front he said in his most deliberate and impressive manner:

“‘Fellow-Citizens—There is upon this platform to-day. A citizen of North Carolina. Whose name is a household word from the sea to the mountains. Learned, patriotic and eloquent. He has the honor. To represent the State of North Carolina. As one of her two representatives. In the Senate of the United States. I have the distinguished honor of presenting to you the —’

“Just then an enthusiast in the front row jumped up, shook his hat wildly, and yelled at the top of his voice:

“‘Hurrah for Zeb Vance!’

“The crowd caught it up with a will and cheered him to the echo.

“‘Hon. Senator Ransom,’ continued Governor Fowler, completing his sentence. Then Senator Ran-

som got up, pulled down his cuffs, walked forward, bowed, and made his speech.

“That evening one of Zeb. Vance’s admirers took the enthusiastic shouter into town and bought him a new suit of clothes.”

PUT HIMSELF IN ANOTHER’S PLACE.

The Member of Congress from—I won’t say where—is the kindest-hearted fellow alive. He was going home very late one night when he met a young man whom he knows. The young man was hopelessly drunk. The Congressman happened to know where he lived, and kindly guided him home. A light was burning in an upper window of the house, and the Congressman had no sooner pulled the bell than the door opened and a tall and vigorous woman grabbed the intoxicated young man by the collar and gave him a shaking that fairly loosened his teeth in their sockets. Into the hall she shook him and slammed the door. The Congressman was descending the steps when the door opened again and his friend flew out as if flung from a catapult. He landed at the foot of the stairs and the Congressman picked him up. He was very much frightened, and he was almost sober. He managed to gasp out:

“We don’t live here. We—we moved last week.”

That’s all the Congressman’s story, but I think the really interesting thing would be to know what happened to the man who does live there.

LINCOLN WAS THE TALLER.

In the course of an article in *St. Nicholas*, Mary Lillian Herr relates the following characteristic anecdote of Lincoln:

Once while on his way to Washington as President, the train stopped a little time in the city of Allegheny, Pa. Around the station a great crowd gathered, eager to see the new President. They shouted and cheered until Lincoln had to appear on the rear platform of his car. He bowed and smiled; but the crowd was so noisy he did not try to speak to them.

Very near to the platform stood a miner, wearing a red shirt and blue overalls, and carrying a dinner pail. Like the rest he had stopped hoping to see Mr. Lincoln. The workman was almost a giant in size, and towered head and shoulders above the crowd.

No doubt he had heard that Lincoln also was very tall, and, encouraged by the friendly face, the workman suddenly waved his bare arm above his head, and called out:

“Hi, there, Abe Lincoln! I’m taller than you--yes, a sight taller!”

This loud speech silenced the crowd by its boldness, and a laugh arose. But Mr. Lincoln, leaning forward with a good-humored smile, said, quietly:

“My man, I doubt it; in fact, I’m sure I am the taller. However, come up, and let’s measure.”

The crowd made way; the workman climbed to the platform, and stood back to back with the President-elect. Each put up a hand to see whose head overtopped. Evidently Mr. Lincoln was the victor; for with a smile of satisfaction, he turned and offered his hand to his beaten rival, saying, cordially:

"I thought you were mistaken and I was right; but I wished to be sure and to have you satisfied. However, we are friends anyway, aren't we?"

Grasping the outstretched hand in a vigorous grip, the workman replied:

"Yes, Abe Lincoln; as long as I live!"

AN EXPLANATION.

A long-suffering listener, after hearing from a youth his account of how he and two companions kept five hundred Indians at bay for twenty-four hours, asked: "Do you know why the Lord said to Ananias, 'Stand forth?'" Upon receiving a negative reply, he continued: "Well, I don't either, unless it was so that you and your two companions could stand first, second and third!"

A CONSTITUTIONAL PROVISION.

An amusing incident is related by ex-Congressman Talbott, of Maryland, in relation to a female applicant for office. He says that during the Forty-sixth Congress he was called out of the House by a beautiful lady who had forwarded a soiled card to him. When he reached the reception room, she came rushing toward him, telling her name and exclaiming: "Mr. Talbott, I am from Maryland. I am 41 years old and my daughter is 21. Neither one of us has ever had a Government position."

"Madam," replied Mr. Talbott, "in what part of Maryland do you reside?"

She then gave her address in Baltimore. Mr. Talbott brightened up, saying: "You are very fortunate, madam. The Constitution of the United States provides that each Congressman shall give either mother or daughter an office when the mother is 41 and the daughter 21 years old, and that each district is entitled to such a position. All the members of the Maryland delegation have filled the places allotted to them under this provision with the exception of Colonel McLane, in whose district you reside. He has not availed himself of this constitutional privilege. Colonel McLane would be delighted to meet you and give you or your daughter a place."

Mr. Talbott then returned to the Hall, and the same card went to Representative McLane. The old gentleman was absent about ten minutes. When

he returned he walked up to Mr. Talbott and said:

“Fred Talbott, you sent that woman to me and you know that there is no constitutional provision giving places to mother and daughter whose ages aggregate 62. The worst of it is that she insisted that I was deceiving her when I assured her that she was mistaken. She said that Mr. Talbott was too nice a man to lie.”

A DOUBTFUL WITNESS.

When Hamlin Garland was gathering material for his *Life of Grant*, he spent a day or two in Atlanta, where he met an old Virginia negro, who said that he had witnessed Lee's surrender, says the Atlanta Constitution. Garland was interested, and questioned him closely.

“You say you were present when Lee surrendered?”

“Dat I wuz, suh.”

“Did you see Lee give up his sword?”

“No, sir, I didn't! Gin'rul Lee give up he sword? Not him! Dey tried ter take it fum him, but he made a pass at one er two er dem, en dey lef' off—I tell you!”

“An' where was Grant all that time?”

“Oh, he was right dar, suh! En he tol' 'em, he did: 'Well, boys, let him keep he weepon. He can't do much damage, kase he done whipped, anyhow!' ”

HER OLD SLAVE AIDED HER.

Two Members from Mississippi were swapping stories during the intervals between refreshments, when in an accidental way the name of ex-Senator Blanche K. Bruce was mentioned. "That reminds me," said one, "of a story told me a long time ago by a barkeeper at the Ebbitt. I was in there one day when Bruce came in, went into one of the side rooms, and, having been served, walked out without saying anything to any one.

"You don't draw the color line here, John," I remarked to the barkeeper.

"Not on that man, sir, I don't," was the reply. "I have had a pretty good opinion of him since a little thing that happened soon after he first came here.

"Bruce was in his seat at the Capitol one day, when a card was brought to him. He read it and at once went out to the waiting room. There he met the woman who owned him when he was a slave. With her was her daughter. Both were in tears. She had lost all of her property during the war and was absolutely penniless. The negro once her slave was the only man she knew in Washington. She appealed to him. Bruce listened to her story. He got his hat and went outside with her. His carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of bays, was waiting there. He called the carriage, assisted the mother and daughter to enter it with as much deference as he could possibly have shown them in the old plantation

days, closed the door and told the coachman to drive to the Treasury. Then he called a public cab and followed. The three entered the Treasury together, and before Bruce came out he had placed in the hands of the woman he had once called "missus" an appointment to a good clerkship in the Treasury Department.'

"That," added the Mississippi Member, "was the reason why the barkeeper didn't draw the color line at Blanche K. Bruce, and it seems to me the reason was a mighty good one, too."

"A TALE OF WOE."

The leaves are falling, I hear you calling
From out of the years that slumber in the past.
Asleep or waking, my heart is breaking,
For our sweet love that thrills it to the last.

The leaves are sailing and I am bewailing
The lost affections of my vanished youth,
When friends were nearer and hearts were dearer
And love was in the heaven of their truth.

Along the hours in golden showers,
The leaves are falling over hill and dale,
Their ranks were broken, a voiceless token
That we, too, shall follow down the fading vale.
And perish like the leaves blown by the gale.

JOHN A. JOYCE.

“PAST FINDING OUT.”

Hon. George V. Lawrence, of Pennsylvania, tells this story of Thaddeus Stevens, according to Colonel Henry Hall, special correspondent of the Pittsburgh, Pa., Times:

“Not more than two years before Thaddeus Stevens died a friend of mine went to Washington and called on him at Willard’s hotel. After awhile they went out and going down street Stevens invited this gentleman to go into a house which turned out to be a faro bank. He began at once to play and in a few minutes won \$100, and stopped. The money was given to him in a crisp new \$100 bill, which he put in his vest pocket. Then they went to the Capitol and at the entrance a stranger stopped them and asked for a moment’s conversation with Stevens. It was granted and he proceeded to say that he was a Methodist minister from Clearfield County, and that, on the preceding Sunday, his church had been burned to the ground. The congregation was poor, and so he had determined to come to ask for help to rebuild.

“‘Are you doing a good work out there?’ asked Stevens.

“The minister told of the membership, Sunday-school, etc., and Stevens drew the \$100 bill from his vest pocket and handed it to him. This unexpected generosity almost overwhelmed the minister, but he managed to express his thanks and said that his

congregation would remember Mr. Stevens in their prayers.

“Stevens and his companion walked a little way and then the Great Commoner stopped and said:

“‘Doctor, the ways of the Lord are marvelous and past finding out!’”

A “GOOD THING.”

A Louisville gambler on one occasion thought he had a good thing when a stranger who looked as if he had plenty of money came along and suggested a friendly game of poker. The game ran along smoothly for awhile, and at last, when the opportune moment came, the gambler dealt to the guileless stranger four queens and gave himself four kings. The betting became interesting right away, and after all the cash was up and it came to a show-down, the Louisville man laid down his four kings and the stranger showed four aces. “Take the money, mister!” gasped the astonished Kentuckian; “take it, if you have the heart to do so; but I’ll be darned if that was the hand I dealt you!”

“ROUND A HELPLESS BARK.”

“The most amusing musical incident that ever came under my observation,” said Congressman Belknap, of Chicago, “took place in Waukegan some years ago. There are not a few Chicago business men who witnessed the affair and can bear testimony to the truthfulness of this narrative:

“All of the Waukegan churches joined one evening in a rousing union meeting at the Baptist house of worship. The audience was a large one, and the interest was unusual. The speaker had just reached a stirring point in his discourse when he was greeted by youthful giggles and a canine whimper from a certain pew in the center of the church. Of course every eye in the congregation was turned in the direction from which the disturbing sounds came. It became immediately apparent that a timid but venturesome pup of the forsaken and cowering street kind had strayed inside the sacred edifice and had stirred beyond control the humorous propensities of the young people to whose pew the hapless dog had drifted.

“It was a moment of extreme trial to the pulpit orator, who knew that he must effect a sudden and dignified removal of the intruder or see the emotional climax to which he had carried his audience turned into a ridiculous failure. He resolved upon quick action, and said:

“Will some of the brethren kindly remove the dog from the church?”

“His request was promptly acted upon by two of the deacons, who chanced to be sitting near the storm center. With upraised canes they advanced upon the defenseless and innocent waif of puppy-hood. As they stood in the aisle at the mouth of the pew, the only avenue by which the hunted dog might hope to escape was cut off.

“Shoo! Shoo!” and “Get out!” repeated the disturbed pursuers, who were uncomfortably aware of the fact that the proceeding was, under the circumstances, a very undignified one. To the credit of the dog be it said that he did the only proper and natural thing, and filled the church with a series of vigorous howls, to the confusion of which was added the irrepressible laughter of the boys and girls of the congregation.

“To the troubled preacher there appeared but one recourse, which had often served to relieve an embarrassing situation.

“We will sing a hymn,” he announced, in tones that could be heard above the wails of the terrified dog. This threw the burden of selecting the hymn upon the choir leader, and he acted without hesitation, but somewhat unfortunately, if judged by the effect which the opening lines had upon the congregation. The choir led off with:

“Fierce and wild the storm is raging
Round a helpless bark.”

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

When Mark Twain was private secretary to his brother, who had been appointed Secretary of Nevada by Lincoln in 1861, the Governor of the Territory was General James W. Nye, who, when Nevada was admitted to the Union, was elected to represent the "battle-born" State in the Senate. If Mark needed any encouragement in his story-telling propclivities he must have found it in the society of the Governor, for as a raconteur he had few superiors.

One of the General's good stories related to the last hours of a miner who died in Carson while he was Governor. One day an old man arrived in town on a visit to a friend. He had, with varying luck, been wandering about the mines of California since the days of '49, but at last had made a strike, and, learning wisdom from experience, had "salted down" a snug fortune, determined to enjoy the evening of his life in a rational way. At the invitation of an old mining partner he had taken the long stage journey from "the bay" to the Nevada capital. Soon after his arrival he was seized with a serious illness, and his host, who was a very religious man, became so alarmed that he wanted to call a clergyman. The guest, however, declined any clerical assistance in relieving his conscience of its burden.

Finally the doctor said one day that the sick man had but a few hours to live, and as he could do nothing further for him suggested that some minister of

the Gospel should be asked to make smooth his exit from the world. With tears in his eyes his host again besought his friend to listen to him and receive the ministrations of a clergyman. The moribund man, who was rapidly sinking, turned on his pillow and, articulating with difficulty, replied: "I can't see what occasion I have for the services of a clergyman. I never voted a Democratic ticket in my life."

NEVER NOTICED THE CHANGE.

"The remark a famous general made upon being asked how he liked Texas—that if he owned Texas and hell he would rent out Texas and live in hell—is familiar to many, but in the matter of nicety of a point the reply of an innkeeper near Dallas, Texas, to about the same question, deserves even more attention than the famous utterance referred to," says Hon. Case Broderick, of Kansas. "This innkeeper had moved several times from State to State and had finally located in Texas, where he had met reverses, and had about made up his mind to decamp once more when he was asked by a chance customer if he liked the place. His reply was in the form of a story:

"There was once a man who moved from Kentucky to Nebraska, from Nebraska to Arizona, from Arizona to Texas, and then he died and went to hell, but the change was so gradual he never noticed it."

SHE ASCERTAINED.

"The Woman About Town," in the Washington Post, tells this:

She was a woman of a naturally inquiring mind, and by years of perseverance she had improved on nature's original plan. She climbed upon the grip car at the Mount Pleasant end of the line and asked questions of the gripman. The gripman was a stern, married-looking man, and whenever the woman gave him a chance he snatched random bites of the contents of his lunch basket. Presently he started the car, but continued to hold in one hand a great slab of cherry pie. A few blocks down an impish child danced across the track suddenly so near the car that the gripman put on the breaks, and the woman with the inquiring mind rose to her feet in alarm. The danger past, she sat down again heavily. The stern-faced gripman had ceased to eat his pie.

"You don't have much time for meals, do you?" asked the woman with the inquiring mind.

"No'm," replied the gripman, sadly.

"Where's your pie?" went on the woman with the inquiring mind.

The gripman looked at her wistfully.

"You're sitting on it," he said more sadly.

And she was.

THEY CAME BACK TOGETHER.

Representative Mercer, of Omaha, contributes the following, which he charges to Joe Teahon, traveling passenger agent of the Wabash.

Teahon had just returned from a trip over the line, and brought this story back with him:

"As we were approaching Talmage the other day a lady with a poodle dog came into the smoker. A traveling man called her attention to the character of the car and told her she had better go into one of the others. She declared that she was going to remain right there, and she told him he must not light and smoke the pipe he was filling with tobacco. He opened the window and calmly lit his pipe, and was puffing away, when she again demanded that he desist. He again told her that she could go into one of the rear cars. It went on for a few minutes, when she leaned over and snatched the pipe from his mouth and threw it out the window. That traveling man was at a white heat with rage, and turning around grabbed the poodle and chucked it out the window. Then she went on the war path. She declared that she would have him arrested at Talmage, where, she said, she knew everybody, and he said if she did he would have her arrested for stealing his pipe. The argument was hot and heavy, and when they got off the train they rustled around for the town marshal, and finally found him, and were telling him their troubles, when the poodle came running up the track with the pipe in his mouth."

IT WAS IN THE EVIDENCE.

How Hon. N. D. McCormick, in the Fifty-fifth Congress from the Sixth Kansas district, once got the better of Attorney Waggener, the shrewd representative of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, is told as follows:

It appears that a Mrs. Neiswanger, of Beloit, had sued the company for \$10,000 damages for injuries received from a fall, for which she alleged that the company was responsible. The case was tried before a jury in Rooks County, Mr. McCormick appearing for plaintiff.

Mr. Waggener wanted to prove that there was a full moon at the time the accident happened, and so to place the responsibility on the plaintiff. He sent a boy down town to a drug store to get an almanac of that year. Without examining it, except to see that it contained the proof which he desired, he offered it in evidence.

McCormick, in his argument, said that the defendant company was the property of Jay Gould and other millionaires, who had amassed fortunes amounting to hundreds of millions.

Mr. Waggener protested against this line of discussion, declaring that there was nothing in the evidence to warrant such a statement.

“But there is, may it please your honor,” declared McCormick. “It is in evidence offered by Mr. Waggener himself.”

"Where?" exclaimed Mr. Waggener.

"In this almanac," said McCormick, and, sure enough, in the book were pictures and short sketches of Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Henry Marquand, and other associates of Gould, and every one of them was said to be worth from \$75,000,000 to \$150,000,000.

The jury rendered a verdict of \$5,000 for Mrs. Neiswanger.

"There wasn't so much business in the rural towns of Kansas then, and the country lawyer had time to keep 'up' with the almanac," says Mr. McCormick.

THE OBSTREPEROUS ELEVEN.

The Messenger, published at Indiana, Pa., tells this story of Hon. Harry White, Judge of the Fortieth Judicial district:

Judge White, who is noted for his tendency to explain things to his juries, expressed in a recent case his own ideas with such force that he was surprised the jurors thought of leaving the box. They did leave it, however, and were out hours. Inquiring the trouble, the Judge was told that one of the twelve were standing out against the eleven. He summoned the jury and rebuked the recalcitrant sharply. "Your honor," said the juror, "may I say a word?" "Yes, sir," said the indignant Judge; "what have you to say?" "Well, what I wanted to say is, I'm the only fellow that's on your side."

DREW ON SIGHT.

Commercial law terms are not entirely safe at all times. John E. Watrous, Deputy United States Marshal for the Southern District of Kansas, sends in this story:

Mart Hoover years ago, when Kansas was not the cultivated commonwealth it has since become, had sent a consignment of corn to a commission merchant in Kansas City. The merchant telegraphed, telling the consignor: "Your credit is \$27.40. Draw on me at sight."

But Hoover was mad. He had expected his money, and none came. He felt he had been duped, and he treasured up the grievance. One time about six weeks later, the commission man came to Hoover's town, got out of the bus, and started to walk down street. Hoover saw him and instantly drew his revolver and fired. His aim was fairly good. The bullet cut away the merchant's necktie and unfastened his collar.

Then Hoover put up his gun.

"That's expensive shootin'," said he, "but I reckon you're as sorry as I am."

"What do you mean?" demanded the town constable, arresting the gun man.

"He told me to," said Hoover, surprised.

"Told you to?" demanded the white-cheeked city man. "I never did anything of the kind."

"You did," said Hoover, and drawing out the telegram he read:

"Draw on me at sight."

"I done it," said he.

ANOTHER ALMANAC STORY.

The story told about President Lincoln obtaining the dismissal of a client who was under arrest for burglary and in danger of conviction because the prosecuting witness said he identified him in the moonlight by producing an almanac to prove the moon did not shine that night, was not the first time the idea was worked to perfection.

John Philpot Curran, the famous lawyer, had a client who was identified under the same circumstances. The prosecuting witness saw the prisoner leaving a house that had just been entered by burglars on a moonlight night. Curran produced thirteen almanacs, twelve of which he handed to the jury and one to the judge. The almanacs showed the moon was not visible on the night in question.

The prisoner was dismissed. After the trial Curran's client asked what his fee was.

"Twenty pounds," said the attorney.

"Isn't that pretty steep?" queried the client.

"No," said Curran. "I get only £2 of that; the other £18 goes to the fellow I got to print those almanacs with the moon left out."

THE GARFIELD-CONKLING-PLATT BREAK.

Walter Wellman, the well-known correspondent, fathers this "story."

Chief Justice Goodrich, of New York, tells a most interesting and I think hitherto unpublished story of the Garfield-Conkling-Platt episode. It was on a Monday that Garfield sent to the Senate the nomination of Robertson to be collector. The next day **Mr.** Platt went to New York, and Wednesday morning told Mr. Goodrich the story which is here told:

When the nomination of Robertson reached the Senate Chamber, Conkling and Platt were talking together. Arthur was in the chair, and when the message was handed him by the veteran Bassett he opened the envelope in a most nonchalant, matter-of-course way, never dreaming that it contained the bit of political dynamite which was to kill Garfield, ruin the career of Conkling and shorten his days, and make himself President and lead indirectly to his early death.

When Arthur opened the envelope and his eye alighted upon the fatal words, he turned as pale as a sheet. He clenched the gavel convulsively, as if he would use it as a weapon. Then he beckoned to Conkling and Platt, and they both walked up to the Vice-President's desk. Arthur handed them the sheet of paper bearing Garfield's signature. Conkling looked at it, and then an indescribably fierce

expression came over his face. Arthur was simply speechless and now livid with rage. Platt alone met the most unexpected situation with something like a calm and practical view.

"I shall resign my seat in the Senate," said he.

"Why do you say that?" asked Arthur.

"Because this nomination means war," replied Platt, "and because I came here for peace and am physically unable to go through such a war as this is going to be. It will kill me, and the only way I can save my life is by resigning."

"Platt," said Conkling, "it will be fatal to my plans if you resign now. Promise me you will withhold your resignation for a few weeks, and if you are then of the same mind I will resign with you."

Platt agreed to this and the bargain was made. Some weeks later Platt insisted upon resigning, and Conkling's resignation, he being the senior senator, was offered first. Platt told his friend and counsel, Judge Goodrich, of this agreement made at the Vice-President's desk in that dramatic moment before the nomination was laid before the Senate, within forty hours. The story told here is as Platt himself narrated it, and it effectually disposes of the "Me-too" sneer under which Platt rested in silence for many years.

TRUE STORY OF JOE BOWERS.

Champ Clark, who lives in Pike himself, and occasionally represents the Ninth Missouri district in Congress, vouches for the following as the sure-enough story of "Joe Bowers:"

Joe Bowers was a native of Pike, and went from there. In those days letters were few and far between. Joe left a wife and two children. After long years and no letter, Mrs. Bowers concluded Joe was dead, and married again. Finally Joe returned home in company with King Collett around the Horn. He arrived at the old homestead when the man of the house was absent. The two children met him at the door, but when he stepped inside he saw a red-headed baby lying in the cradle, and gave utterance to that immortal remark, "Well, Hannah! who has been here since I've been gone?" He left the house, and the next week's Pike County Courier contained the following:

My name it is Joe Bowers,
I'm all the way from Pike,
But never in all my travels
Have I ever seen the like.

PAYING THE TAXES.

Representative Davison, of the Eighth Kentucky district, tells this story:

A short time ago a deputy sheriff of Spencer County, Ky., had a claim for taxes against a citizen of Elk Creek, amounting to 80 cents, and as the citizen was a desperate character the deputy induced a brave man to go with him, both being armed to the teeth. Arriving at their destination, the deputy demanded his money, but the citizen informed him that he did not have it. The deputy proceeded to levy on a cow and started to drive the "critter" off, when the citizen's wife prevailed on him to stay and take dinner with them. After dinner, being in a happy and kindly mood, he invited the citizen and wife to make him a visit, and he was about to take his leave when the gentle wife told him she had a settlement to make with him.

"Wh-what settlement do you refer to, madam?"

"You have not paid for your dinner, sir," she replied.

"Oh, why, certainly! Wh-what's my bill, my good woman?"

"One dollar, if you please."

He wrote a receipt for the taxes and gave it to her, with 20 cents, and returned home a sadder but wiser man.

A MUGWUMP WITH A TASTE FOR SPOILS.

The ambitious and clever young civil-service reformer, Josiah Quincy, who ran the Cleveland campaign literary bureau in the fall of 1892, and who was afterwards rewarded with the office of Assistant Secretary of State, became, his Boston Mugwump friends were grieved to learn, the most insatiable and successful spoils hunter in Washington. Mr. Quincy inherits an appetite for polities from a long line of Massachusetts ancestors, two of whom were Presidents of the United States.

Apropos of his keen scent for places, Congressman Allen tells this story:

“A young man, a constituent of mine, desired a position in the Post Office Department and applied to his Congressman. He was told he could get no place until a vacancy should arise. He waited for several weeks, and one day, when his money was nearly exhausted, he went down to the Potomac beach. He found there many bathers and among them a young man whom he recognized as a clerk in the division where he had sought a place. The clerk ventured beyond his depth and was drowned. When his body was brought to the shore the applicant lost not a moment’s time in hastening to the Congressman.

“‘Now,’ ” he said, ‘I can have a place. There is a vacancy.’

“‘Where?’ asked the Congressman.

“ ‘Why, a clerk in the division (naming him) was drowned this afternoon.’

“The Congressman looked at him sadly. ‘I regret to inform you,’ he said, ‘that you are too late; the place has been filled.’

“ ‘How can that be?’ shouted the applicant, in despair. ‘The man has just been drowned.’

“ ‘Yes, I know,’ replied the Congressman, ‘but the place has been filled. It was obtained by a Massachusetts friend of Mr. Quincy, who saw the clerk go in and guessed correctly that he could not swim!’ ”

THE FLIES HAD SENSE.

Ex-Governor Altgeld tells this story on himself: When he was running for Governor one of his supporters asked a Swede to support him. The Swede shook his head and said:

“No; that man is a bad man. He is an anarchist, socialist, and everything that is bad. I will not vote for him.”

“Oh, he is not as bad as that,” said Algeld’s friend. “He is a pretty good man. There are no flies on him.”

“That is vere the flies show they have got some sense,” immediately replied the Swede.

HARRIS AS A POKER PLAYER.

"The best poker player Tennessee ever developed is dead," said Major A. L. Treadway, of Memphis. "I refer to Senator Isham Green Harris, who died at Washington Thursday. I knew the old statesman intimately for more than forty years, and I never heard of his getting up from a poker game a cent loser. He loved the great American game as much as he loved politics. Few evenings slipped by during the last forty years when he didn't indulge his fondness for the sport if it was at all possible to make up a game. He never played for high stakes; 25 cents was usually the limit of his games, and he was never known to go over 50 cents. He used to declare that poker was essentially a gentleman's game, but that when it was played for high stakes too severe a strain was put on gentility for the good of both the players and the game.

"Senator Harris, you know, looked more like a Chinese mandarin than a Caucasian, and he seemed to be proud of it. It was probably his wonderfully immobile face that made him such a successful poker player. I have watched him by the hour while playing, and I never once saw the least change of expression on his face. When he was last elected to the Senate in January, 1895, the opposition made a big demonstration to frighten him. He hurried from Washington to Nashville and assumed personal direction of his forces. The papers said so much

about the fight being made on him that I became frightened, quit my business, and went up to Nashville to help him out. When I arrived there I hurried to his room in the Maxwell House and found him playing poker. I tried to get him to quit the game long enough to tell me what the situation was, so I could proceed intelligently and with some system. He dismissed me rather curtly with the assurance that he would see me in two hours. When the two hours were up I went back to his room, and he was opening jackpots with the same interest he displayed at first. I sat behind him and told him of what appeared to me to be some dangerous inroads the opposition were making on him and urged him with all the force at my command to get to work and checkmate his enemies.

"Finally, he turned on me impatiently and said: 'Treadway, these fellows are the best poker players I have run up against since the war, and I would not quit this game while I am loser to be sent back to the United States Senate.' 'How much are you loser?' I inquired. The Senator counted his chips carefully, and then said: 'I am 35 cents behind now, and was only 20 cents behind when you came back. You have bothered me so much with your talk that I haven't been able to keep up with the game as I ought to. The sooner you get out of here the sooner I'll get even.'

"The game went on all that night without interruption, and it was nearly breakfast time before

the Senator got even. He showed up in the dining room, looking as fresh and vigorous as if he had had a good night's rest, and devoted the entire day to straightening out the senatorial tangle. At night he got the same party in his room again, and they resumed their game with the eagerness of gamblers playing for high stakes. I learned afterwards that during the entire series of games not as much as \$5 changed hands."

AS THEY DO IN KENTUCKY.

In the summer of 1840, Henry Clay went to Kentucky on his vacation. Three nights after his arrival at a certain springs a sociable game began. In the game were Mr. Clay, Josiah Blackburn, John Hardin and Sam Clay, a cousin of the statesman. It began on Friday night and ran along with varying luck. They were all old hands, and had the nerve to back their cards. At 12 o'clock Saturday night Blackburn quit, a little ahead. He had been married only two months, and was afraid his young wife would think he was dead. Sunday morning at 9 o'clock some one rapped on the door. It was opened, and a negro girl stood in the hall. She had a clean shirt in her hand, and on the bosom was a note from Hardin's wife: "For Mr. John Hardin, wherever found." The door was closed and play resumed. Hardin changed his linen at the table.

"IF."

At Chamberlin's one evening just before the adjournment of the Fifty-fourth Congress, Private John Allen, M. C., from the First Mississippi district, told the following:

"Down in the vicinity of Tupelo," said Mr. Allen, "some time during the summer of 1896 a traveler on horseback espied a tow-headed, bare-legged country youth of about 14, driving a pair of billy goats to a wagon of home architecture, on which was a barrel of water. A conversation ensued, and the stranger ascertained that the lad hauled the fluid from a river hard by his home to the paternal cabin for use on washdays. He was further enlightened that the pay was sometimes as good as 15 cents a day.

"Would you sell your goats, bub?" asked the traveler.

"I guess I would, mister, if somebody would give me \$2 for 'em," replied the boy.

"Hold on there," shouted a native, who had just come up in time to hear the conversation. "Don't take \$2 for them there goats. Ef Bryan is elected, they'll be worth \$5."

"Yes," said the owner of the goats, "and if I had this barrel of water in h—— I could get a thousand dollars for it."

GIVING LIBERTY A BOOST.

Many amusing speeches are made in legislative halls, and, perhaps, few are more so than the one delivered by Mr. C. A. Smith, a representative from Pike County in the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1879. Smith had labored night and day to have a skunk and fox scalp bill passed, and had succeeded, but Governor Hoyt vetoed it as unconstitutional, and about 1 A. M., during the all-night session with which that Legislature wound up its affairs, the honorable gentleman got back at the Governor in this wise:

“Mr. Speaker, Brutus slew Caesar; Governor Hoyt has slewn my fox-scalp bill, and in the sadness of my heart I feel that there is danger of getting slewed myself. If Governor Hoyt could have foreseen the effect of his vetoing this bill upon the people of Pike County, he would have risen to the occasion and cast aside the petty trammels of the Constitution and affixed his signature to this bill in letters of living light.

“Mr. Speaker and fellow-members, if this bill is not passed, a blow will be struck at liberty, the effect of which will not pass away in our or our children’s time. Away up on the shores of the Delaware, and in the fastnesses of Pike County, where the mountain tops kiss the clouds and the wild deer leaps from crag to crag, and the thieving fox, on mischief intent, takes a straight race of ten miles, if

he hears a rooster crow or a hen cackle—up there to-day, I say, are many, many happy homes. And why are they happy? Because they are living to-day in the happy belief that Smith's fox-scalp bill will be passed—and I also have writ to them words to that effect.

"If this bill is not passed, I am afraid the people of Pike County will arise in their might and cut up worse than did the people up in the oil country when they got word that one of their representatives was lying murdered in the halls of this House.

"I am also afraid that Pike County will not send any member to represent her in the next Legislature, and that if she does send one, and I don't get this bill passed, it won't be me. This to happen at this time, when liberty, civilization, and intelligence are making the grandest strides ever known in the pages of the world's history, would be, I think you will all say, that know me, nearly a national calamity. My natural modesty forbids me saying anything more on this point.

* * * * *

"Mr. Speaker and fellow-members, I will here say a few words in relation to my own course this winter. I have voted for every bill that has come up, and lent some money—all to get this bill passed—and I thought I had it passed. But Governor Hoyt has vetoed it. On account of his doing this, I make these remarks—a sad, bowed-down man, whose mission is ended. You might, to gaze upon me, and to

hear me talk, form the idea that I am happy. But I am not. I am in that condition of mind the girl so beautifully described—I'm saddest when I sing.

“Thanking you, Mr. Speaker, and also my fellow-members, for the many kindnesses I have received at your hands during the session which is fast drawing to a close, and asking you to give liberty one more boost by passing this my fox-scalp bill, I will here say, finis.”

POLITE MR. HEARD.

On the day that the bill opening the Cherokee Strip was passed by the House, Congressman Heard, of Missouri, who had voted for it, was leaving the Capitol, when he was met by Mrs. Hechmann, the woman who had been so diligently lobbying against the measure.

“What was done with that bill?” asked Mrs. Hechmann.

“It was passed, madam,” said Mr. Heard, “by a vote of 142 to 108.”

“So,” said Mrs. Hechmann, spitefully, “there were 142 railroad thieves, were there?”

“And only 108 cattle thieves, madam, according to the official count,” and the polite Congressman made a bow like that of a French courtier, and passed on, saying:

“The cattle thieves were a little short to-day.”

THE ARKANSAW WAY.

Another legislative humorist, whose reputation is not sufficiently exploited, represented the county of Pike in that Western State. History has not preserved his name, but his post-office address was Wolf Creek, and, very appropriately, his controversy was with the Rev. Mr. Brown, who resided in Rocky Comfort. The gentleman's remarks are self-explanatory:

"Mr. Speaker, I hope, sir, that you will let me have a few minutes' time in which to place myself square on the record. Mr. Brown has said that I have accepted a new hat from a railroad president, and has hinted, in a way to sting a sensitive man, that I have sold myself.

"I should like to know, Mr. Speaker, if there is anything in our Constitution that prevents a man from accepting a present. I say there is not, and, sir, when our Constitution arises and says that I shan't take everything that is given to me, then will I say, 'Mr. Constitution, attend to your own affairs.'

"Mr. Speaker, I am a present-taker, and as an encouragement to those who contemplate giving me something, let me say that my capacity for taking presents, although well developed, has not been overtaxed. I may also say that the man who won't take a hat, and thereby save himself the expense of buying one, is composed of a mixture of fool, liar, and thief. I'd be afraid to meet such a man away out in

the woods. I would feel sure that he would knock me down and rob me. I know of an affair in my county that strongly illustrates the dishonesty of men who are afraid of taking presents:

“A red-bearded fellow named Watson went to work for old man Clark, and made himself so useful that Clark, who well knows how to appreciate merit, went to him one day and said:

“‘Watson, I never had a man that I thought more of than I think of you.’

“‘Much obligeed to you,’ replied Watson.

“‘And I have decided,’ Clark continued, ‘to give you my daughter, Lorena.’

“‘Much obligeed to you,’ replied Watson, ‘but I ain’t acceptin’ any presents.’

“Well, Mr. Speaker, that man was so honest that he would not accept the daughter as a present, but the next day he ran away with Clark’s wife. Since then I have been extremely suspicious of men who are too high-toned to accept presents, and to keep other fair-minded men from suspecting me, I have determined to refuse nothing.”

SHERMAN AND HIS BOOK.

Senator Berry told the following in the lobby of the Metropolitan some days after the swearing in of John Sherman as Secretary of State under the McKinley Administration. He gave Senator Hoar as authority for the story, which is that one day not long before Mr. Hoar and Senator Sherman were traveling on the same train, when, in course of conversation, Mr. Sherman said:

“By the way, Senator, have you got a copy of my book?” referring to his “Recollections of Forty years in House, Senate and Cabinet.”

“No,” replied Mr. Hoar.

“Well,” said Sherman. “I have a few copies up at my house, which were specially bound for me (“just here,” explained Mr. Hoar, “I made sure he was about to make me a present of one of these specially bound copies”), one of which I can let you have for \$5, the selling price being \$7, you know.”

“I thanked him,” said Senator Hoar, according to Mr. Berry, “and told him I could probably find one in the Congressional Library, should I desire to see one.”

HE TOOK SUGAR AND CREAM.

The following story has been told of a number of public men, but the earliest trace the present writer finds of it is credited to Tom Corwin. So we let it go at that.

Tom Corwin was not only a very eloquent man but he was the most renowned wit and humorist of his party. Corwin's sense of humor sometimes got him into difficulty and on at least one occasion lost him votes. He was on a campaign tour and had stopped for the night at the house of a wealthy farmer, whose wife was as eager to display her book learning as her hospitality.

These efforts took the form of big, unusual words, which sometimes had a ludicrous Malapropian flavor. She prepared a most excellent and elaborate breakfast for the distinguished orator and his party and then seated herself at the head of the table to do the honors. She poured out a cup of coffee, and then, with a gracious smile, turned to the orator and asked:

“Mr. Corwin, do you take condiments in your coffee?”

“Thank you, madam,” replied Corwin gravely; “I will take a little sugar and cream, but neither salt nor pepper.”

He did not get a vote in that family and scarcely one in the precinct, though both family and precinct were usually Whig.

THE HAIR OF THE DOG.

This is a story an Alabama man tells of Bishop Wilmer. It happened soon after the war. Bishop Wilmer had gone to a Northern city to ask aid for a Confederate orphans' home he was interested in. He hadn't been North for several years, and his old friends gave him a hearty welcome. There was a dinner in his honor, and after dinner the Bishop was begged to tell a story or two. The Bishop said he hadn't a story.

"But," he added, "I've got a conundrum. Why are we Southerners like Lazarus?"

The guests—they were all Union men, by the way—suggested many answers. The Southerners were like Lazarus because they were poor, because they ate of the crumbs from the rich man's table; because—because of everything anybody could guess.

"No," said the Bishop, "you're all wrong. We're like Lazarus because," and he smiled blandly, "because we've been licked by dogs."

A roar of laughter went round at that, for the Bishop's utter unreconstructedness was always one of his charms. Everybody laughed but one mottled-faced man, who became very indignant.

"Well," he snorted, "if you think we're dogs, why in—not earth—have you come up here to beg for our money—for the money of dogs?"

The Bishop chuckled.

"My mottled friend," said he, "the hair of the dog is good for the bite. That's why I've come."

WHAT INFLUENCED THE VERDICT.

Hon. E. E. Robbins, the bright young M. C. from the Twenty-first Pennsylvania district, tells this one:

"How time brings revenges was shown not so very long ago by the experience of a successful lawyer of my county with a man who, in spite of a rather limited education, has by thrift accumulated some property. The property owner became involved in litigation, and applied for legal advice. He made no inquiries as to the cost, and when the charges were announced he was pained and astonished. He made no protest, however, beyond declaring that the next time he wanted any law he would try to hold off until there was a slump in the market, instead of buying at the top notch.

"Some months after the lawyer had a criminal case before a jury which included this same property holder. To the surprise of everybody who had followed the evidence, the prisoner was convicted.

"Not very long after the two men met, and the lawyer took occasion to enlighten himself.

"'I have never yet been able to understand,' he said, 'why that jury upon which you served convicted my man.'

"'Well,' was the reply; 'I dunno as we would of convicted him if it hadn't been for you.'

"'You don't mean to say that you allowed any personal prejudices to influence you!'

“No, sir. There wasn’t no prejudice. We just took the case and reasoned it out.”

“But my argument must have explained very clearly what was expected of you.”

“There’s no question about your putting up a mighty strong talk, but it leaked out in the evidence that he had been mixed up with the law before.”

“But there was scarcely any evidence against him in this case.”

“That’s so, too. There wasn’t much evidence. But, as I said before, me and the rest of the jury put our heads together and reasoned it out. His conduct indicated a guilty conscience. He must have felt at the start that he was in a mighty tight place, or he wouldn’t have showed such a disregard of expense as to hire you for his lawyer.””

WHAT WILL WE DO.

When we have reached that fairer clime
Upon the other shore,
What will we do to kill the time
When time shall be no more?

CAPTAIN TATE'S WOODEN LEG.

The late Henry W. Grady had a great liking for collecting incidents and anecdotes relating to dueling, and especially those with a humorous side to them. Col. Eben Bain, now of New Orleans, recalled what he thought was one of the best of Grady's stories, and which he had heard told in Atlanta.

It was the famous meeting between John M. Dooly, who flourished during the feud between the Crawford faction of Georgia and the fire-eating Calhouns, of South Carolina. Dooly was a lawyer, a man of exceptional ability, and while thoroughly courageous, was no believer in the code as a means of settling a dispute. He declared time and again that he would not fight under any circumstances, but on one occasion he affronted a Captain Tate, and was immediately challenged to mortal combat. To the surprise of his friends, he appeared at the rendezvous selected by his seconds, and seated himself on the stump of a tree. Mr. W. H. Crawford, who came as Captain Tate's best man, asked where Dooly's second was.

"He's in the woods hunting for a bee-gum tree," answered Dooly.

"Hunting for a bee-gum?" echoed Mr. Crawford. "May I inquire what you mean by such a statement, sir?"

"Well," said Dooly, "you see your friend Tate has a wooden leg and I haven't, but I want to meet

him on equal terms. You don't suppose I am going to risk my leg of flesh and blood against Tate's timber-limb, do you? I have asked my friend to find a bee-gum, so I can put my leg in the hollow of it, and then we will be nearly even. If I should shoot him in his wooden leg, he could keep pegging away at me indefinitely, and probably wound me so that I would have to stump around Georgia for the rest of my life like he does. I must have a bee-gum, or I won't fight."

There was something so ludicrous in the demand that it resulted in the two men coming together and shaking hands, and the duel was declared off.

Another of Mr. Grady's dueling yarns was told in a letter written by a captain of militia in Pennsylvania, named John Farrago, in answer to a challenge. The first paragraph, so far as it can be remembered by Colonel Bain, read as follows:

"Sir—I have two objections to this duel business. The one is lest I should hurt you; the other is lest you should hurt me. I do not see what good it would be for me to shoot you. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I could a rabbit or a turkey. I could not eat you. Why, then, needlessly shoot you down?

"A buffalo would make better meat than you. For though your flesh may be delicate and tender, it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. It might make a good barbecue, it is

true, being in the nature of a raccoon or opossum, but I do not like barbecued meat."

There is no record of what followed this rather satirical refusal to fight. Mr. Grady had had a copy of the original letter for many years. He often said that if it had been written during the old dueling days in Georgia, Captain Farrago would have been given the alternative of meeting its challenger on the field of honor or being shot down at sight. To compare a Southern gentleman, in those days, to a 'possum, would have been regarded as an affront that could only be wiped out with blood.

HOW HE ANNOUNCED IT.

Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, was called eccentric, which seems a mild term in view of some of the stories told of him. Here is one: "A young clerical servant of the company, newly arrived from home, was a guest at the palace, awaiting orders, and interceded with the domestic chaplain to get him a good station. The importunity reached the Bishop in due course, but for some days produced no response. At last one evening the decision was thus strangely imparted: 'Behold, O Lord, thy servants assembled under this roof, especially the Rev. Mr. _____. Cast over him Thy protection, seeing that he leaves us tomorrow morning for the remote and insalubrious station of _____, naming one of the 'penal settlements' of the service.'

A STORY OF UNCLE REMUS.

Uncle Remus is so modest, you know, that he can not look a strange woman in the face, and he has for years written at his home in order to keep away from the lion hunters and autograph seekers who attack him at the Constitution office at Atlanta. He spends only about an hour a day there. One morning a tall young woman from Boston made her way up the elevator and found his room. The door was open. The Boston girl looked in and there sat a little, rotund, red-headed man reading a newspaper.

“Is this Mr. Harris?” asked the Boston girl.

“Yes’m,” replied the red-headed man, without raising his eyes.

“I have called to see you, Mr. Harris,” said the Boston girl. “My name is Bessie Blank, and you ought to know me, for I am a writer.”

“Yes’m,” said Uncle Remus, looking very uncomfortable and keeping his eyes upon the paper.

“I would like to have a chat with you,” said the young lady, raising her voice and casting an inquiring look at the chair at Mr. Harris’ side, which he was too scared to offer her.

“Yes’m,” said Uncle Remus, desperately.

“But,” the woman went on after a pause, “I see, sir, that you don’t want to talk, and I had better go.”

“Yes’m,” said Uncle Remus, and with that the irate young woman left.

BEAU HICKMAN'S MISTAKE.

Mr. Hickman, the Beau Brummel of Washington, years ago, when he had not a cent in his pocket always contrived to have the appearance of a man faultlessly attired, even though his clothes were shiny and almost threadbare.

One evening, with no money in his pocket and not knowing where his dinner was to come from, he sauntered forth with a hat well brushed, perfect fitting gloves, and his usual boutonniere.

Walking down a well-known street in Washington, he entered one of the principal hotels, noted for its excellent cuisine. Slowly walking toward the dining room, a waiter rushed to meet him, with the words, "Will you dine, sir?" Slightly bowing his head, he followed the waiter, who conducted him to a table, relieving him of his hat, cane, and gloves.

He dined sumptuously, not even omitting his favorite wine and a good cigar.

Having finished, the waiter presented his check. Taking no notice, he called for his hat and gloves and proceeded to walk out of the place. The waiter stopped him and said:

"You have not settled your bill, sir."

"I have no money," said Mr. Hickman, "but I thank you for a very fine dinner."

The proprietor was called, was very angry, and insisted upon the bill being settled.

"Look here, my friend," said Mr. Hickman, "I

came in here and this young man asked me to dine, asked me what I would have, and said I could have anything I wished. I have enjoyed it very much, and am very much obliged. It was a capital dinner."

The landlord, seeing the nature of the joke, and that he had been fooled, determined to turn it to good account. "See here," he said to Mr. Hickman, "I will tell you how we will arrange this and say no more about it." Taking him to the window, he pointed across the street, saying: "See that hotel over there? Well, that man is running in opposition to me. You go and serve him the same joke you have me and I will give you \$50."

"'Pon my word," says our friend Hickman, "I can not eat another such dinner to-night, but I will to-morrow." So the bargain was closed.

The next evening Mr. Hickman entered the hotel agreed upon and the same performance was gone through. The waiter and cashier, finding they could get no money, as he insisted upon it that they had asked him to dine, finally called the proprietor, who was very angry and insisted upon being paid.

At last, finding he could get no money, he said: "Look here, I will not arrest you, and if you will go across the street and play the same joke on that hotel opposite, I will give you \$100."

"Oh, what a mistake I have made!" said our friend Hickman. "Why did I not come here first? He only gave me \$50 for playing it on you."

THE APPRECIATIVE ENGLISHMAN.

Years and years ago, when the Press Club of Washington, of more or less blessed memory, was in existence, a British newspaper man was at the club one evening. He had been in Washington for some time and was leaving next day. During the evening Mr. Carl Decker, now of Cuban fame, who was also present, addressing him, made the following speech:

“Mr. So-and-So,” he said, “you have spent some time with us, and you have made many friends. We have become attached to you. You are going away to-morrow, and we may never see you again; but in order that you may always have something by which to remember us, on behalf of the Press Club I present you this ring.”

And then he struck the call-bell on the reading table near him. The Englishman looked just a trifle bewildered for a bit; then he reached out his hand, thanked the club, and pocketed the bell. And, bless his simple English heart, next morning he told another newspaper man how kind the Press Club had been to him, and what a lovely presentation speech Mr. Decker had made.

“Mr. Decker must have been awfully nervous, you know,” said he, “though he didn’t show it, for he said, ‘I present you this ring,’ and, don’t y’know, it wasn’t a ring at all; it was a bell.”

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Congressman Mercer, of Nebraska, was in Japan a few years ago, and while there he saw a great deal of the late Colonel Cockerill, who at that time represented the New York Herald. Colonel Cockerill was intensely American in his spirit, and had many a discussion with the British officers who thronged the place—discussions of the sort that intensely American Americans always have with intensely English Englishmen. Congressman Mercer had one day with mild pride mentioned the incidents which followed the Fourth of July, 1776. The British officers admitted the early disasters, but recalled the painful circumstances of the war of 1812, when Washington fell into the hands of the British army.

“Why, we burned your capital,” they said. “We could have destroyed the whole town if——”

“If you hadn’t been scared out,” remarked Colonel Cockerill. “Why, great goodness, if we ever have any more trouble with your country, we’ll just go over, fasten a cable to your little island, tow it across to New York, and anchor it in the harbor for a dock.”

And outraged British pride permitted no reply.

HIS NAME AN OPEN SESAME.

Mr. Frank S. Blain, late assistant city editor of the Chicago Inter Ocean, was once employed as a reporter on a paper at the capital of one of the Western States. The Legislature was trying to elect a United States Senator. One of the candidates had some reason, he thought, to believe that a State Senator who pretended to be for him was really setting up pins for himself. One day it was announced that the State Senator was dangerously ill and that his physicians declined to let anybody see him. The next day this State Senator received several votes for United States Senator and then it was believed that the illness was merely a scheme to explain why he did not turn these votes from himself to his friend. Of course, everybody was anxious to learn whether the State Senator was really ill, and the newspaper reporters resorted to whatever dodges they could think of to see him or to learn something from his physician. But the hotel clerks and call-boys all refused to admit anybody, and the physician always told the same story of his patient's dangerous illness. Finally, however, Mr. Blain managed to reach the door of the Senator's room unseen by anybody but the colored boy who sat in the hall outside. To this boy Mr. Blain said, in an assuring tone:

“This is all right. Go in and tell the Senator that Mr. Blain is here. I guess he will tell you to admit me.”

Sure enough the boy came out in a moment and said:

“Yes, sah; Mr. Blain, walk right in.”

Mr. Blain found the Senator, the physician, and a prominent politician from Washington sitting by a table upon which there were glasses and bottles not generally used for medicines. Moreover, the room was blue with tobacco smoke, and the Senator was as gay as any man could be expected to be, while his chances for election to the United States Senate were improving every hour.

“Ah, Mr. Blaine, I am glad to see you,” said the Senator rising and shaking hands with the caller. “When did you leave your father?”

“A good many years ago,” answered Mr. Blain; and then, noting a puzzled expression on the Senator’s face, he added: “I don’t believe I am the man you take me to be. I am Frank S. Blain, a reporter for the Morning _____.”

The Senator could not conceal his chagrin. He really looked like a sick man then, and his companions looked almost as sick as he.

Mr. Blain, in relating this story afterwards, said:

“They begged me and threatened me and tried in various other ways to induce me not to tell what I had seen, but I said I had been sent to find out whether he was ill and I should have to tell what I observed. I wrote the story and gave it to my city

editor, but for some reason, it was never printed. Possibly the editor was threatened or in some manner induced to suppress the best piece of news I ever got single-handed and by the strength of my illustrious name."

AN ARRIVAL.

1897.

United States Consul Frank H. Mason, stationed at Frankfort, Germany, was moved to bardic expression by the arrival in that ancient city of Mr. William E. Curtis. Mr. Mason's poetic effort is given below.

Hang out the starry flag:
William has come;
Toot up the dudlesack,
Pound the big drum.
Over the waters green,
Toting his "schreibmaschine,"
Warwick of dynasties,
Curtis has come.

William is here again,
Eleroy dear,
Rooting for manuscript,
Thirsty for beer.
Welcome, blithe questioner,
Out of the West!
Leave him his typewriter,
He'll do the rest.

HOW HOEY WON.

Evans and Hoey, who played "A Parlor Match" for years and made a fortune out of it, were happiest when skinning each other out of their respective shares in the proceeds of their performances. One night they reached their hotel in New York a little after midnight and found the elevator closed for the night. Rather than walk up stairs, they went to a club room near by and played poker until 6 o'clock. When they quit, Hoey had all Evans' money, excepting \$10. As they entered the hotel Hoey asked the clerk to have him called at 10 o'clock.

"You won't get up. What's the use of being called?" said Evans.

"Yes; I will."

"I'll bet \$10 you won't."

The bet was taken. At 10 o'clock Hoey rapped on Evans' door.

"What do you want?" asked Evans.

"I want my \$10. It's 10 o'clock."

"All right, I'll give it to you when I get up."

"I want it now, and I'm going to stay here and keep you awake till I get it," said Hoey. So Evans passed out the money—the last he had—and Hoey went away. But Evans was so fully aroused that he could not go back to sleep, so he dressed and set out to find his partner to help him spend the \$10. Failing to find him elsewhere, he finally went to Hoey's room and there found him sound asleep.

“AND I AM ST. PETER.”

James Lane Allen tells this story concerning himself, Richard Harding Davis, and Dana Gibson. The three of them were supping in a New York cafe one night, when Mr. Davis' eye fell on three Princeton men seated at a table near. Now, if there's anything on earth that Mr. Davis' heart delights in, it is a college man. Accordingly, having finished his supper, he strolled over to the Princeton men, graciously intent on making their acquaintance. He spoke to them, explained his interest in all college matters, and expressed a desire to introduce his two friends.

“This,” said he, “is Mr. James Lane Allen, whose Kentucky stories have brought the scent of the blue grass into a million homes. Of course, you've heard of him. This is Mr. Dana Gibson, whose pictures have made the American girl famous all over the world. You know who he is, of course. And I,” he continued, with the Davisesque manner, “I am Richard Harding Davis.”

One of the three collegians rose. He thanked Mr. Davis for introducing his friends, and expressed pleasure in making their acquaintance.

“And since you have so kindly introduced your friends,” he said, “it is but right that I should introduce mine. This,” with a wave of his hand, “this is a gentleman who is world famous on account of the long life of his mother. He is the Prince of Wales. No doubt you have heard of him. This is

President McKinley, and I"—and here he drew himself up proudly—"I am St. Peter."

Only St. Peter is only approximately what he said, and Mr. Davis wilted out of the cafe.

A METRICAL GEM.

Lemuel Eli Quigg, newspaper man, Congressman, and manager of the Republican campaign in Greater New York in 1897, is the hero of the following, Lemuel Eli and his ticket having been turned down at the election:

I take it from the Washington Post:

"An Ohio reader writes to the Post to solicit its opinion as to the best production from the pen of Hon. Whitelaw Reid. The Post has no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Reid's ode to his old friend and colleague, Lemuel Eli Quigg, his masterpiece. For the benefit of the inquiring Ohioan the same is here reproduced:

"If I were Lemuel Ely Quigg,
(Lem Ely Quigg! Lem Ely Quigg!)
If I were Lemuel Ely Quigg,
I'll tell you what I'd do.
I'd crawl into a Woodchuck hole;
(An auger hole, a gimlet hole!)
And pull the hole in, too!"

A VERY MEAN MAN.

(From "Postscripts," in Washington Post.)

Commenting upon the abyssmal diserepancy between what the Chicago Herald says editorially and what Mr. James W. Scott, the publisher of the Herald, recently said to a New York reporter, the Kansas City Star says: "It is evident that Mr. Scott does not read his own paper, or is attempting a ponderous and elephantine joke." It would be surprising to know that Mr. Scott does not read his own paper, but it would not surprise us in the least to learn that he is up to some joke, either ponderous or elephantine, whatever kind of joke either of these may be. Mr. Scott does joke—jokes dreadfully. We happen to know of one of his jokes and we mean to tell it though it cause every woman in the land to say he is a real mean old thing; for so he is.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott, a delightful little lady, were en route to New York. Mrs. Scott picked up a New York paper and saw that Barnum's great hippodrome was about to open. This was some years ago, you know.

"Oh, Wexford," for so she called this horrid man, "we must go to the hippodrome while we are in New York this time."

"Very well, my dear," said James W., "but please do not call it HIP-po-drome."

"Why, isn't that right? What is it, then?"

"Call it hip-POD-ro-me, my dear."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Scott; "why Wexford, I've always called it HIP-po-drome," and she looked (and like enough felt) ashamed of that error of the past.

While in New York they were guests of a friend who lives in a fashionable part of the city. One evening at dinner when the household was laying out programs for the few days that Mr. and Mrs. Scott were to be there, Mrs. Scott said:

"You know, Wexford, you agreed to go with me some day to the hip-POD-ro-me."

"Yes, my dear, I will," said Mr. Scott, and then pretending—only pretending—to lower his voice, he said—the monster said: "But, my dear, please don't call it hip-POD-ro-me; it is HIP-po-drome."

Does anybody suppose that man would hesitate to play a joke—a ponderous or an elephantine joke, even—upon the New York reporters, or, for that matter, on his own paper?

THE DEVIL'S LOGIC.

The story of the fall has been often quoted to the discredit of Eve's sex, but the Rev. M. Guy Pearse says the devil did not give the apple to the man, but to the woman, because he knew the man would eat it all himself, but that the woman would go halves.

HUMORIST AND SPORT.

This particularly old story was last told, in its present shape, by Will Visscher, in a Chicago paper. The writer trusts the shade of the departed Nye will not lay it up against him, but will hold Visscher responsible:

Only a few weeks before his death Nye wrote me from his home at Asheville, N. C., saying: "I have on my farm here a very promising field of rye that looks as if it would run 15 or 20 gallons to the acre. Come down."

Years ago, when Nye was running an afternoon newspaper in Laramie, Wyo., I went over from Cheyenne one day to pay him a visit. He was hard at work in his office, which was upstairs over a livery stable, a fact that caused him to live in mortal dread of hay fever.

As soon as I went in he said: "Sit down there and write something to help me get the paper out, and we will get off quicker and have some fun with the boys."

"What shall I write about?"

"Oh, 'bout a column."

So I wrote about a column, headed it "About a Column," and commented on columns. In a little while we were out and Nye led the way to a place where a man kept all sorts of sporting arrangements. He had a cockpit for fighting roosters in, and a ring

for boxers to practice on each other, billiard tables, tenpin alleys and other accommodations. While we were there a man came in with a live eagle that he proposed to pit against the proprietor's best bird. The old sport took him up at once, and the Roman-nosed bird of freedom was thrown in with a healthy-looking chicken that would have fought a buzz saw. The rooster made a dab at the eagle, and that "fierce gray bird with a bending beak" and an unwarranted reputation for gameness, ignominiously, ingloriously, and incontinently fled and hid under a chair, where he looked out in a piteous sort of way and as good as said: "Take him off; I want to go home."

Among the other things this man of sport had was a badger that he was prepared to back for large sums on the statement that no dog of anybody's could take the beast out of a barrel that lay lengthwise on the floor, with one head knocked out and in which the badger was ensconced. I had wondered why it was that Nye had been coaxing an "onary" looking cur to follow us, and now the problem was about to be solved. Nye made a bet that he had a dog that would take the badger out of the barrel. The money was "put up" and Nye caught that dog by the "nape of the neck and seat of his breeches," so to speak, and threw him into the barrel, tail foremost. The badger nabbed the dog by one ham and the dog went right away from there like a blue streak,

taking the badger with him. The last that was ever seen of that dog, or badger either, both were going toward the North Platte River, the dog making the best time he ever had made, and the badger hanging straight out behind, a close second. Nye won.

THE PALM READER.

The "Woman About Town," in the Washington Post, says:

I sat behind a young man and a summer girl in a Fourteenth-street car last night, and I could not choose but hear all they said. They were talking of palmistry. The young man evidently had been having his palm read.

"Did she say you'd marry?" asked the girl.

"Oh, yes," said the man, "she said I'd marry and have four children. It was wonderful the way she read off my character, just as if she'd known me all her life. She said I was very fond of music, and that I hadn't any mathematical taste whatever. She said I couldn't even multiply."

The summer girl wasn't listening. She looked vaguely bored. Her next remark was the result of inattention or—perhaps of intent.

"I thought you said she told you you'd have four children," she said.

NOT AN OFFICIAL AFTER ALL.

One day a post-office official, happening to be passing through a Government office with which he was connected, saw a man standing before a fire reading a newspaper. Hours afterwards, returning the same way, he was shocked to find the same man, legs extended before the same fire, still absorbed in the contents of a newspaper.

"Halloa, sir!" cried the indignant head of the Department. "What are you doing?"

"Can't you see what I am doing?" was the answer.

"Sir, I came through this office four hours ago and found you reading the paper. I return, and you are still wasting your time in the same manner."

"Very true. You have stated the case to a nicety."

Hereupon the head of the Department naturally fired up.

"What's your name, sir?"

"Well, I don't know that my name is any affair of yours. What is your name?"

"Sir, I would have you know that I am the so-and-so of the Post Office Department."

"Indeed! Well, I am very glad to hear it. I am, sir, simply one of the public; a mere item, who has been waiting here for four hours for an answer to a simple question; and I should be much obliged to you if you would use your influence to get me attended to."

HE WAS WILLING TO LISTEN.

A good story of a clergyman and a cab-driver comes from a little fishing village in the north of Scotland. The chapel of the queer and sparsely populated town depended entirely for its supply on the occasional help of the clergy in neighboring towns. It so happened that upon a very rainy Sunday a new clergyman from the town of S—— volunteered to conduct services in the little chapel, and in order to get there he engaged a vehicle which the English know as a “fly,” in which, through the pouring rain, he was driven across the country to the chapel.

Upon his arrival he found no one at hand, not even a sexton to toll the bell to summon the natives, so he took it upon himself to pull the rope, leaving the cabby meanwhile outside in the wet. For a long time nobody arrived, but finally one solitary individual did appear, and sat down in a pew nearest the door.

The clergyman then donned his surplice and began the service. When this was ended, he observed that, inasmuch as there was but one member of the congregation, he thought it would be well to dispense with the sermon.

“Oh, no, sir. Please go on with the sermon.”

When half-way through, he expressed the fear that perhaps he was tiring his listener, and was much gratified to learn from his own lips that such was not the case.

"I should be glad to listen to you for hours, sir," he said, and so the sermon ran on to an hour in length, and finally the service was concluded.

The preacher then expressed a desire to shake hands with so flattering an auditor. And then the trick came out—a trick which the clergymen's near-sightedness had prevented him from seeing at once.

His listener was none other than the driver of the fly, who was all the time charging him at so much an hour for the use of his vehicle.

LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.

The friends of a defeated candidate were congratulating him on the phenomenally good fight he had put up. "But I am not elected," he remarked, rather cynically.

"No, but you made a splendid run, and it will encourage our party very much, and we will name our campaign club after you."

The defeated candidate said, with a sigh: "What you say reminds me of a story I once heard. It was something like this:

"Family Physician—Well, I congratulate you.

"Patient (excitedly)—I will recover?"

"Family Physician—Not exactly, but after consultation we find that your disease is entirely novel, and if the autopsy should demonstrate that fact, we have decided to name it after you."

“BUT I LIKE IT.”

Robert Christy, author of the famous collection of “Proverbs and Phrases of All Ages” and a charming raconteur, vouches for the truth of this story, which he tells with delightful effect. Several months after President Harrison went into office there was still a considerable army of unsatisfied office-seekers in this city, and it was their habit to assemble after dinner in the office of the Ebbitt House and discuss the situation. Evening after evening they passed there and more and more boldly they expressed their opinions of a President who would keep them on the anxious seat so long.

“Why doesn’t he turn the rascals out?”

“He might have saved us all this expense of staying here.”

“If he isn’t going to do anything for us, why doesn’t he say so and let us go home?”

These are samples of the remarks that were made.

Among those who were present during these evenings was a gentleman from Mississippi, but he never took part in the discussions. He smiled quietly at the sallies made by others, but he made none himself. Finally one evening, after everybody else had had his say and put in his tempered complaint, somebody asked the Mississippian for his opinion.

“I am an office-seeker myself,” said he, “but I believe I have nothing to say on the subject under

discussion. I might tell you a story, however. Several years ago I was one of twenty-five men who went out to chop down pine in a forest in Mississippi. Cooks were scarce and high of price, so for reasons of economy we agreed to do the cooking ourselves in turn, and made a binding stipulation that whoever made any complaint about the food should work out the remainder of the incumbent cook's term and two days extra.

"For a week or so everybody managed to keep his complaints to himself, but presently one of the inexperienced cooks made some soup. It was probably the worst decoction that any man outside of a glue factory ever compounded. As we sat down, tired and hungry, and began on this dreadful conglomeration of unpalatable herbs we looked at one another and groaned inwardly. Finally a belated member of the party came up, took his seat, and eagerly dipped into the soup. When he had taken a big gulp of it he stopped, looked up, and exclaimed:

"Well, that is hell's broth——" and suddenly recalling the rule and the penalty, he shouted as quickly as possible, 'but I like it.'

"Now, gentlemen," continued the Mississippian, gravely, "I have been waiting a long time for my appointment, and it has cost me a heap of money, but I like it, gentlemen, I like it."

This story is good every four years.

HE LOST HIS TIPS.

"Of course, I had a large variety of experience while I was chasing a fortune in the great Southwest," said Delegate Marcus A. Smith, of Arizona. "Perhaps as odd a one as any of them was this one in Northern Texas. A few of us were building a narrow-gauge railroad to open up a new section and put some land on the market. At the same time a broad-gauge line was being constructed through that portion of the State. Along a stretch of about five miles we happened to secure the same right of way, a keen old Yankee taking pay from both of us. Neither road would yield. It would take too long to fight the matter out in the courts, and we compromised by laying the narrow-gauge between the rails of the broad-gauge, arranging timetables with a view to avoiding accidents.

"Things went along without a clash for about six weeks, when I started over our road as the guest of the engineer. He was showing me the paces of the locomotive, and while we were fairly flying over the common right of way we saw through the dim light of early morning that an immense sleeper was coming toward us at no less than a mile a minute. It had become detached from the train ahead, and was shooting down grade.

"There was no time to reverse or attempt to retreat. The engineer set his teeth, pulled her wide open, and shot through the sleeper as though it

were a fog bank. We cut out the broad aisle as slick as a saw could have done, raked the ends of a few seats, caught the porter on the smokestack, and flew on without checking speed.

"Not a passenger was hurt, but the porter sued us for \$6,000. 'Hurt,' no, but he lost the trip, don't you see? and tips were tips in those days."

WISHED IT WAS HIS LUCK.

In the court of sessions in Scotland the judges who do not attend or give a proper excuse for their absence are, by law, liable to a fine. This law, however, is never enforced, but it is common on the first day of the session for the absentee to send an excuse to the Lord President. Lord Stonefield having sent such an excuse, on the president mentioning it, the late Lord Justice Clark Braxfield said, in his broad dialect: "What excuse can a stout fellow like him ha'e?"

"My lord," said the president, "he has lost his wife."

The justice, who was fitted with a Xantippe, replied: "Has he? That is a gude excuse, indeed; I wish we had a' the same."

MIGHTY HARD ON EARL.

“They tell a funny story about Arthur Earl, the actor,” said Henry Earl, manager of the Bo Peep Company. “I have heard the story laid up against me, but I plead not guilty this time. It was on the other Earl. He was out with a pretty bad show, and, as often happens in such cases, they were doing pretty bad business. Arthur was the star, and that was about all he got out of it. It was away down South and the show had been playing to \$6 and \$10 and \$12 houses, which is no good way for a big company to do when they have to pay board bills. The manager of the company had borrowed a lot of money from Earl when they started out, and when they got up against it down in Georgia Earl would approach the manager and say:

“‘Jim, you owe me \$125, don’t you?’

“‘Why, yes, I guess I do,’ the manager would say.

“‘Well, just let me have a quarter and I’ll call it \$100,’ Arthur would say, and when he got the quarter he would go and eat. Well, they finally got to a little town—I think it was called Titusville—where Earl thought he could see his finish. The place looked as though it did not have 500 people in it, and Earl and the manager, in a dejected sort of way, were lounging in a little restaurant directly across from the theater. The manager had just ordered a couple of 5-cent cigars, when Earl caught

him by the arm and cried: 'Look at 'em going into the theater. Say, me boy, we've got 'em coming at last. Just look at the crowd.'

"Sure enough, there was a line of people pouring into the door of the theater, all dressed in their best, chatting and laughing and having a good time.

"Never mind those nickel cigars," said the manager. "Give us two for a quarter." He took another look at the crowd, which was still coming to the theater, and then said: "Arthur, I've got a \$10 bill. Let's have a good dinner on our luck here." Earl was willing to have a good dinner just at that stage of the season, wherever it came from, and the two ate everything in the restaurant. Every little while Earl or the manager would peer out of the window, see the crowd still flowing into the theater, and then order something else. At last they got through, and there was not much left of the manager's \$10, but he was happy. Hurrying across to the house they met the manager of the theater at the door.

"Pretty near time to put out that 'standing room only' sign, isn't it?" asked Earl.

"Oh, not yet, I guess," said the local manager.

"Well, you must have a pretty good house tonight, haven't you?" asked Earl's manager.

"Oh, tol'bul," said the local manager.

Earl began to grow impatient. He wanted to go in and look over the house, but he stopped to ask:

"Well, haven't you got about \$500 in the house?"

"No, I suppose there must be \$14 or \$15 in the house," said the local manager.

"What?" shrieked Earl's manager. "What became of all those people we saw coming in?"

"Oh, they wasn't comin' in here," said the local man. "They's a dance in the hall upstairs. I guess they'll be a pretty good crowd up there!" "

THE RETORT ELUSIVE.

President M. E. Ingalls, of the Big Five Railroad, being asked if he would be a candidate in Ohio for the United States Senate, some years since, answered: "If I had anything to say on the subject alluded to, it would give me pleasure to give it to you, but life is too short and I am too busy to chase phantoms." This is about as satisfying an answer as the late Elijah M. Haines gave when asked if he would be a candidate for Speaker of the next Illinois House. "Touching the Speakership of the next House," said he, "I have only to say that that is a beautiful diamond you have on your bosom. Where did you get it?"

“JIST TO GIT TO HOLLER.”

“A constituent of mine from Clearfield County, a newspaper man, spent a few days in Washington during the special session of the Fifty-fifth Congress,” said the Hon. W. C. Arnold, of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania district. “He occupied a seat in the Visitors’ Gallery at each session while here, and one evening he asked me what I thought was Jerry Simpson’s idea in, as he expressed it, ‘putting in his oar every day when he knew the Speaker would sit on him?’

“I told him that I believed it was a pretty hard matter to fathom any of Jerry’s ideas, but that his question reminded me of a story about a newsboy in Pittsburg, who was interviewed by a benevolent old gentleman as follows:

“‘Where do you get your papers?’
“‘I buys ‘em of Jem O’Neil.’
“‘And who is Jem O’Neil?’
“‘He’s de big guy in de Dispatch office.’
“‘What do you pay for them?’
“‘Nickel.’
“‘What do you sell them for?’
“‘Nickel.’
“‘You don’t make anything at that.’
“‘Nope.’
“‘Then why do you buy them?’
“‘Oh, jist to git to holler.’”

WHY HE GAVE UP HOME.

Some time ago the Register of the United States land office at Wa-Keeney, Kan., called upon a settler to show cause why his claim should not be forfeited. The settler had abandoned his homestead claim in Kansas and moved into Tennessee. His answer is now preserved as a valuable relic among the archives of the General Land Office in Washington. It follows:

"Answering your favor of the 3d instant, referring to my entry No. 19005, under the homestead law, will say, that I have no cause to show within the prescribed thirty days (nor thirty weeks, nor months even) why my claim should not be forfeited to said piece of land in that arid region where rains are as scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth and as far between as angels' visits; where water is more precious than diamonds; where the lean and hungry coyote barks ever to the majestic silence of the lonely and unpeopled prairies; where the festive jack rabbit wanders unmolested, lordly monarch of all he surveys, and mourns for his lost companions, the Indian, buffalo, and settler, who are not.

"I voluntarily surrender all my right, title, and interest in said land forever and irrevocably to the eminent domain of our Uncle Sam. Blest be his magnanimous great heart for that beneficent homestead law, that plants the settler on his lonely claim, forty miles from nowhere, and out of God's

knowledge, to delve a fortune from the bosom of mother earth to the tune of blizzards, cyclones, grasshoppers, and chinch bugs, and after a few short and fitful years, full of sorrow and hard work, he seeks his last and only rest in the bosom of that same mother earth, his only companion in his isolation.

"I congratulate his excellency, the President, on this magnificent addition to the public domain. I thought it forfeited years agone."

THE REALITY.

A woman's reply to a man who said that woman caused all the trouble in the world.

You say 'twas the woman that caused Adam's fall.
I think I can prove it was not so at all.
Just look at your Bible and you will perceive
God's command was to Adam, but never to Eve.
Although she, like a woman, the penalty paid,
The fruit was forbidden before she was made.
But after his sin, Adam, just like a man,
Skulks round back of Eve as fast as he can
When he hears the Lord's voice in the garden at night,
And he whines: "Lord, she ate it, I just took a bite."
And since that sad time, I am sorry to say,
Man always has acted the very same way,
And whenever there is trouble of any kind,
The wife takes the brunt, while the man sneaks behind.
But up pops his head behind his safe over,
When trials are past, and dangers are cover,
And he crows loud and long, like a bold chanticleer:
"See, I shield and protect her, the weak little dear!"

ANDREW JOHNSON'S QUICK WIT.

There is in the city of Memphis a precinct known as Pinch, in which a majority of the voters were Irish. It so happened that Johnson and his opponent, Gus Henry, were to meet in joint debate in this precinct. The evening came, and hundreds of blue Irish eyes were on the two speakers as they ascended the rostrum. Henry opened, and as a bid for the Irish vote he told in withering terms how Johnson, when in Congress before, had voted against a bill for an appropriation to assist Ireland during a time of famine; he himself had done yeoman work for the passage of the bill, while this other man, who was now asking their support, had done everything possible to defeat it. It was a fine point, and the speaker made the most of it, burning before it the lamp of his eloquence until the crowd were wild with excitement. Then Henry sat down, and Johnson got up, amid cat-calls and scoffs to answer him.

"What my opponent has told you, is true," he said. "Ireland was suffering and I voted against an appropriation for her relief, for the money which it was thus proposed to give away was not mine, but yours; yours because it was in the public coffers. I refused to give away money which did not belong to me; but I went down into my own pocket and out of my own private funds—which I had a right to bestow—I subscribed \$250 to the relief fund which was

being quietly raised. How much of his own money did Mr. Henry give? Not a cent! He was too busy trying to give away yours. Now, gentlemen, which of us two did the better part by suffering Ireland?" The effect of this was magical; the cat-calls were now for Henry and the cheers for Johnson, and the votes went with the cheers.

Thus the campaign went on, ending in a victory for the ex-tailor, who once more took his place among the statesmen of the land. But his term was a short one, for death soon claimed him. But he left behind him a reputation as a "stump" speaker which abides still upon the hustings down in Tennessee.

MAKE US THANKFUL.

Representative Adamson, of Georgia, says that in one of the rural counties of his State a minister was invited to dine by a gentleman who, though wealthy, was a poor feeder. When dinner hour arrived the parson was informed that times were powerful hard, and that there was not much to set before him. The man of God was then asked to say grace. "Oh, Lord," said the parson, as he eyed the scant meal, "make us thankful for what we see and may we be able to find it when we reach for it. Let it not escape us, and prove a snare and delusion. Amen. Thank you for the greens."

IT HAPPENED TO BE JONES.

Milton C. Work told a very good story on the evening of the match between the New Jersey and the New York State associations. It is a matter of common knowledge that he accompanied a cricket team to England in the summer, and, therefore, was not present at the seventh American whist congress. He said that at one of the many complimentary dinners given to his party, a rather pompous Englishman brought the conversation to whist, and announced in a "I-dare-you-to-knock-the-chip-off-my-shoulder" style that the English players were fully the equals, if not the superiors, of their American brethren, and that he did not have to go out of his own small city to find them in abundance.

Mr. Work remarked in his usual quiet manner that Mr. Jones had expressed a contrary opinion, to which the Britisher replied that he didn't care a fig what Jones said; his statement was correct. Whereupon Mr. Work asked him if there was any recognized authority in England whose opinion would be accepted.

"Of course," replied the Englishman.

"May I ask his name?" said Mr. Work.

"Why, certainly. 'Cavendish' is an undisputed authority in England."

"Are you acquainted with him?" asked Mr. Work.

"No; I have not had that pleasure."

"Well," replied Mr. Work, "when you do become acquainted with him you will find that his name is Jones, and his opinion is diametrically opposed to yours."

A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

It is told of ex-Representative "Tim" Tarsney, of Michigan, that shortly after his retirement from Congress he was billed to talk to an audience in a certain New England town.

The chairman of the meeting, on the evening in question, arose and introduced Mr. Tarsney in the following "glowing" terms:

"Ladies and gentlemen: It is now my pleasure to introduce to you the orator of the evening. I present to you a gentleman who, though he comes from the Far West, is a man whose name is known to you all. A man who has served two terms in our National Congress, and who, by his actions there, during his service, has made his name a household word all over this broad land. (Aside to Mr. Tarsney, "What is your name?" "Tarsney," says the honorable Tim.) My friends, I have the pleasure of introducing to you the Hon. Mr. Larceny."

But the story goes that "Tim" made his usual good speech, all the same.

HIS WIT SAVED HIM.

A strict rule promulgated by every successive commandant at the navy yard prohibits smoking on Mare Island, under the most stringent penalties. Admiral Miller sauntering one pleasant afternoon through a distant part of the island, came upon an Irish laborer digging a trench and smoking a short black pipe. He was puffing away serenely, unconscious of regulations and with evident enjoyment. The Admiral, who was in undress uniform, stopped.

"Don't you know, sir, that smoking is absolutely prohibited in the navy yard?" he said.

The Irishman looked up, and with a kindly smile answered:

"Indade, that's thrue, but here am I all be meself, wid not a sowl to say a wurrd to, and I thought I'd take a puff or two to ralave the silence."

"The regulations are explicit, sir," rebuked the Admiral, "and the silence does not excuse you. What's your name, sir?"

"An' who may you be, anyway?" asked the Irishman.

"I'm Admiral Miller, sir."

"Ah, 'tis the new Admiral ye are. 'Tis the fat job you have, Admiral. Be careful to kape it. Me name's Pat McGinnis."

"Report to my office this afternoon without fail, McGinnis," said Miller, who could hardly keep from

laughing. At 5 o'clock poor Patrick, who had made up his mind there would be the devil to pay, tramped over to headquarters and the orderly ushered him into the dreaded presence of the Admiral, who said:

“Sit down, Pat.”

Pat sat down. Miller touched a bell. The orderly appeared.

“Bring a bottle of champagne and two glasses,” he said.

Not a word was spoken until the wine arrived. The Admiral filled the two glasses and pushed one over toward the Irishman.

“Pat,” he said, “give me the pipe. You'll not need it again.”

The mystified laborer obeyed.

“Now,” said the Admiral, “drink hearty, Pat, but you'll keep your job as long as I'll keep mine.”

Nor is this the first situation saved by Irish wit.

THE BULL DIDN'T KNOW.

A story is told of a great English personage who thought everybody knew or ought to know him. One day he was walking through a field when a bull addressed him in an undertone and made for him with his head down, and his horns in a position to raise him.

He was a minister, a man of dignity and political power, and of natural pomposity. But he ran. He ran surprisingly well. He ran better than ever he did for office, and he got to the fence first. He clambered over, out of breath and dignity, and found the owner of the bull contemplating the operation.

"What do you mean, sir," asked the irate statesman, "by having an infuriated animal like that roaming over the field?"

"Well, I suppose the bull has some right in the field," said the farmer.

"Right? Do you know who I am sir?" gasped the baronet.

The farmer shook his head.

"I am the Right Honorable Sir——."

"Then why on earth didn't you tell the bull?" said the farmer.

JOE SHELBY AND THE CHAPLAIN.

General Joe Shelby was always of the opinion that army chaplains were superfluous, or at least that they were not so indispensable as they imagined. He had a loud-voiced superdevout member of that fraternity in his regiment. This chaplain used to hold forth on every occasion on the righteousness of the Confederate cause and tell the men that if they died in fighting for its maintenance, they died in a good cause.

General Shelby listened to these spiritual harangues with something of skepticism in his eye, but always maintained a dignified silence. His opportunity came when a skirmish took place near Helena, Ark., and where the Confederates were routed. The General met the worthy Chaplain running at top-most speed, in fact, leading the retreat.

"Where are you going, dominie?" demanded the General.

"Ah-h-h, I'm carrying water to some wounded men in the ambulance," said he of the cloth.

"You've always preached bravery to the soldiers, and now the only time you've ever needed it you're playing out, you ____"

It is related that the General forced the coward dominie in the direction of the field several paces at the point of a gun; but the narrator would not vouch for this.

NOT SHY ON EDUCATION.

I was sitting on a keg of nails in a West Virginia mountain store watching a native dickering with the merchant over a trade of a basket of eggs for a calico dress. After some time a bargain was closed, the native walked out with the dress in a bundle under his arm and I followed him.

"It isn't any business of mine," I said, "but I was watching that trade and was surprised to see you let the eggs go for the dress."

"What fer?" he asked in astonishment, as he mounted his horse.

"How many eggs did you have?"

"Basketful."

"How many dozen?"

"Dunno. Can't count."

"That's where you miss the advantages of education. With knowledge you might have got two dresses for those eggs."

"But I didn't want two dresses, mister," he argued.

"Perhaps not, but that was no reason why you should have paid two prices for one. The merchant got the advantage of you because of his education. He knew what he was about."

He looked at me for a minute as if he felt real sorry for me. Then he grinned and pulled his horse over close to me.

"I reckon," he half whispered, casting furtive glances toward the store, "his eddication ain't so much more'n mine ez you think it is. He don't know how many uf them aigs is spiled, an' I do," and he rode away before I could argue further.

WANTED TO MAKE HIMSELF SAFE.

Out in Wyoming there are settled quite a number of Swedes, who, as a rule, make good citizens. That they readily grasp conditions as they find them is evidenced by the following anecdote, which is told by Representative John E. Osborne, of that State:

A Swede stepped into a Rawlins attorney's office one day and asked: "Is hare ben a lawyer's place?"

"Yes; I'm a lawyer."

"Well, Maister Lawyer, I tank I shall have a paper made."

"What kind of a paper do you want?"

"Well, I tank I shall have a mortgage. You see, I buy me a piece of land from Nels Petersen, and I want a mortgage on it."

"Oh, no. You don't want a mortgage; what you want is a deed."

"No, Maister; I tank I want a mortgage. You see, I buy me two pieces of land before, and I got deed for dem, and 'nother faller come along with mortgage and take the land; so I tank I better get mortgage this time."

GO HENCE.

Colonel Ike Hill, of Ohio, is the most uncompromising Democrat in America. He never surrenders. When the unterrified are overwhelmed by the cohorts of Republicanism, Colonel Ike merely takes to the tall timber and carries on a guerilla warfare for another four years. His pet theory is that Pennsylvania and Vermont are naturally Democratic States and are liable to flop any day.

“The day is drawing nigh,” says he, “when not only the Nation, but every State and Territory, every county, city, and township in the United States will have a good working Democratic majority.”

“But what is the use of having any opposition at all, then?”

“Well, opposition is a good thing. It brings out the party strength, and then reduces the number of those who have any claims on the offices.”

Colonel Hill knows all of the good stories that were ever told and as many more which never see daylight. Here is one:

“Tom Corwin was stumping Ohio,” says the Colonel, “and, as usual, never lost a chance to lambaste his opponent.

“This fellow is mighty slick,” said he. “You people haven’t the faintest idea how smooth he is. Why, when he dies, he is going right by St. Peter as quick as lightning. Peter can’t stop him; he will be too smart for old Peter. But by-and-bye he will

run smack up against the Throne of Grace, and the Almighty will say to him: 'Who are you, sir?' And he will answer very meek and submissive, 'I am William H. King,'

" 'What; Old Bill King, of Ohio?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'Well, I won't have you around here. Go hence—go hence! '"

THE THIRD TERM.

"At the time of the election of delegates to the convention at Chicago at which General Grant's name was presented for a third term," says Representative Butler, of the Sixth Pennsylvania district, "Delaware County voted strongly against the third-term theory. Whereat a local newspaper commented thusly:

" 'After I had tied myself to the calf' said the boy, as he lay in bed with his wounds bandaged, 'it hadn't dragged me more'n two times around the barnyard afore I knew I had made a mistake.' "

“AND THAT'S NO JOKE.”

Mr. H. B. Warner, the estimable gentleman who represented Daniel Frohman as manager of the Lyceum Company which played “Sweet Lavender” some seasons since, vouches for the truth of the following story: Mr. Bronson Howard, the eminent American playwright whose new military drama, “Shenandoah,” was so successfully placed upon the stage at the Star Theater in New York, is a brother-in-law of Mr. Charles Wyndham, the famous English actor, who, as sly as he keeps it, is we understand, an American, too. When Mr. Howard had completed “Shenandoah,” he hurried to London, snapped up a few scrub actors and had them run through the play before a small invited audience, his only purpose in doing so being to meet the requirements of the English copyright law. A little while ago Mr. Wyndham about to set sail from England for America cabled to Mr. Howard that Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham would leave Liverpool on such a steamer, such a day. Mr. Howard figured it that the steamer would reach New York on Wednesday evening. It came in, however, on Wednesday morning and Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham, finding nobody to meet them, went quietly to a hotel. After luncheon Mr. Wyndham happened to spy an advertisement of Mr. Howard's play, and he and Mrs. Wyndham, with a bit of joke in mind, went to the matinee, paying for

their seats and taking them in an obscure part of the house. After the matinee Wyndham sent a note to Howard, who supposing his brother-in-law had just arrived, hastened to the hotel. In the course of the conversation Mr. Wyndham said:

“By the way, Bronson, I recently saw a very strong military drama,” and at Mr. Howard’s request, began to unfold the plot to him.

“The scene was laid in America at the time of the civil war. It contained a double love story —a Southerner in love with a Northern lady and a Northerner in love with a Southern lady and —”

Howard by this time was profoundly interested in the story. Wyndham went on carelessly revealing the story and Howard waxed fidgety, nervous, excited.

“One of the most brilliant scenes was one introducing Sheridan’s ride and —”

“Great Heavens!” Howard interrupted; “Charles, what was the name of that play?”

“Shenandoah, I believe they call it,” said Mr. Wyndham, quietly.

“Stars alive, man, that’s my play. Have those infernal scoundrels over there stolen it?”

“Bronson,” said Mr. Wyndham gravely, “if you knew the gentlemen who produced it you would not say that. They are above suspicion of theft.”

“But I tell you it is my play; every scene you have pictured is mine.”

"Um, possibly," said Mr. Wyndham, dubiously; "but I am sure the gentlemen whose production I witnessed did not steal it."

"Perhaps you think I stole it from them," said Howard, a little bitterly."

"N-n-no, I don't say that, Bronson, but——"

"Great heavens, Charley, don't think such a thing. Where did you see this play?"

"Why, over here at the Star Theater this afternoon, you goose."

THREE RULES FOR BICYCLING PRIESTS.

A stern prelate, with something of the Irishman in his nature, is Mgr. Fava, Bishop of Grenoble, says an English newspaper. He has lately issued the following proclamation to the stewards and ministers of his flock: "The clergy are reminded that they may not ride the bicyclette ventre a terre." This means "stomach unto the earth," and probably refers to the scorching or to him who rides for a fall. "2. The clergy may not part with their cassocks even when beginning to learn. 3. The clergy are hereby informed that they may not ride at all."

HE WAS AN ELK ALL RIGHT.

“An Episcopal clergyman of Grand Rapids, who belongs to the Order of the Elks,” says the Honorable William Alden Smith, of the Fifth Michigan district, “attended a meeting the other evening. The chairman, noticing his presence, said: ‘I see our Rev. Brother —— among us this evening. As this is such an unusual occurrence, I think he will have to be assessed \$5.’ The rector put his hand into his waist-coat pocket, and, marching up to the desk, put down his little V, and made a nice little speech in which he told how glad he was to be with his brother Elks, and ended by inviting them to come and hear him preach the next Sunday evening. Some one moved that the Elks accept the invitation and go in a body to their brother’s church, which was unanimously carried. The next Sunday evening the front pews of the church were filled with Elks, and when the Rev. Mr. —— ascended his pulpit, he said: ‘I am delighted to see so many of my brother Elks here this evening, but as it is such an unusual occurrence with the most of them, I think they should each be assessed one dollar. Let your light so shine,’ etc. The way the silver dollars rattled on that plate was a caution. The contribution was much heavier than usual, and the Elks voted their reverend brother all right.”

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

The Washington Post is responsible for this:

Harry Rapley and T. Arthur Smith, of the National, together with Bert Riddle and Frederic Bond, are sadder and wiser men to-day than they were Wednesday, and the reason is not far to seek. It seems that on last Tuesday afternoon all four of the gentlemen were sitting in the cozy box office at the National discussing everything from fishing to theatricals, when the new Congressional Library came up, and at once every one began to guy Riddle about the matter. They told him he had never seen the building, and insinuated that he did not know architecture from artichoke, vowed that he had no eye for beauty, and wound up by asking him to describe some of the beauties of the place. Bert hemmed and hawed awhile and then remarked blandly: "Well, take Diana at the top of the steps. I think she caps off the whole thing nicely."

"Diana, rats!" remarked Rapley. "You're a daisy! That is no Diana! It's Vulcan and his forge."

"Humph!" growled Bond. "None of you know anything of art or mythology. That is an inlaid goddess of the harvests, and I'll put a five on it."

"Done," said Smith. "The idea of a harvest woman in a library!" And so every one of the guileless innocents put up his five to the credit of his particular whim, and it was arranged that all were to

meet at the theater the following day and go up to the building and see which had won. And here comes the funny part of the matter, for all of the party solemnly swear that there was no foul play in their work. But on the next day, when they were on their way to the building, Bond remembered something and told his rivals that he had unconsciously given the wrong name the day before. "I meant Minerva," he said; and to his surprise every one else had been taken with some throat disease the day before, and all declared they had meant "Minerva," too. The mystery was not explained until they reached the library and asked a friend there the name of the painting. Then everything came out. "Why, I told each of you at my house last night," he said. And the bets went to a poor-box.

COMPARISON OF SICK.

The following incident occurred in a Washington school: A class in grammar was reciting, and one of the younger boys was asked to compare "sick." He began, thoughtfully, "sick"—paused while his brain struggled with the problem—then finished triumphantly, "Sick, worse, dead."

HE NEEDED TIME.

Representative Bromwell, of Cincinnati, tells this:

Dr. Z——, an old-time German physician of our city, now dead and buried these many years, at one time concluded to visit his fatherland. It is necessary to the story to say that he was thoroughly American in almost every respect, and a bitter hater of all kings and kingly institutions.

When he arrived in Germany there was some kind of a celebration in progress, a celebration that was intended to honor the ruling monarch, probably old Emperor William, when he was simply a king. Dr. Z—— didn't show a sign of reverence when the parade was passing. On the contrary, he sat in the window of a house, with his feet out, his hat on his head, and his lips closed. Some one remonstrated with him, and said that it was customary in that country to shout as the king passed: "God save the king."

"Yes," said the old republican, in German, of course, "you say in this country: 'God save the king,' but in America we say, '—— the king.' "

He had a case out on the pike that goes through College Hill. He had taken along old Dr. Dawson to assist him. The day was cold and snowy and the pike was in wretched condition. Upon their return, as the buggy lurched into a mudhole and the horse made a jump, the shaft broke. Consternation was pictured on the faces of both. Dr. Dawson uttered

a few baby blue cuss words, but old Dr. Z—— said nothing. This was a surprise, as he could and did swear worse than any trooper that ever strode a horse.

“What’s the matter, Z——?” said Dawson. “Ain’t you going to swear?”

“No,” he answered, “I ain’t got time. We’ve got to be back in town before supper time. I’ll come back here to-morrow and, with a day before me, I think I can do the subject justice.”

A TOUGH CURE.

Faith will do wonders. A woman in Devonshire, England, recently said to a chemist:

“I’ve got a cruel, bad cough, surely I’ve heerd that bronchial troches are good things. Hav’ee got any?”

The assistant pointed to a small box on the table and said:

“Yes; there they are.”

“How much was it?” was the inquiry.

The price was paid and the old woman took her departure. At night the assistant missed a box of glycerine soap (three cakes).

A couple of days afterward she returned to the shop and said:

“I want’ee to take back two of them things I had t’other day. I took one of ’em. It was mortal hard to chew and awful to swallow, but it cured the ecugh.”

A CONNECTICUT HERO.

The Ansonia Sentinel fathers this tale of a tub: One of the most ridiculous situations which at the time bring the coldest sweat out on a man's brow, and ever after remain with him as a constant source of mirth, occurred to a Shelton merchant a few days ago. He thought he would take a bath, and as his flat is minus one of the chief requisites for the job—a bath tub—he extemporized one out of a small wash tub and enjoyed a cooling ablution.

He had just concluded and stepped from the tub for the towel, when suddenly the top hoop of the tub burst with a sharp report, and the man saw to his horror that the whole contents of the tub would soon be flooding the floor. At the same moment he thought of the store beneath and the amount of damage the water would do as it ran down through the ceiling. He is a man of quick thought, and in a moment he did the only thing possible. Threw himself down beside the tub and clasping his arms around it, held the already fast swelling staves together. He was successful in keeping the water in, but what a situation! He dared not yell, for he was hardly in a condition to receive callers, especially as he knew that all in the block at the time were of the gentler sex, and he realized at once that the only thing left for him was to stay in that position until the return of his wife, who was out on a shopping expedition.

Like the boy who saved Holland, he manfully remained in his most uncomfortable position until relief in the shape of his wife appeared. Then to cap the climax when he asked her to get a rope or any old thing to tie about the tub, she after a long fit of uncontrollable laughter, asked him why he didn't carry the tub and contents out to the sinkroom and pour out the water. With a look that froze the smile on her face he did as she said, and without a word donned his clothing and wandered out into the cold unfeeling world, a crushed and humiliated man.

THE NEW YEAR.

'Tis here,
The glad New Year,
And in its grasp is Plenty's horn.
To thee,
I hope it be
The happiest cycle ever born.

May joy,
Without alloy,
Cause every lip to grateful sing,
And health
And honest wealth
The whole fair land the New Year bring.

JAMES LACOSTE RODIER.

ANTIPODEAN WIT.

A favorite story in a certain New South Wales gold-mining district tells how at a political meeting there the chair was taken by an athletic miner. The candidate, during his speech, was much interrupted by hootings and rough chaff, and the chairman was soon in a state of boiling indignation. Smothering his wrath, however, he pacified the "boys" by assuring them that at the end of the candidate's speech they should be at liberty to put any questions they chose. Accordingly, at the end of the harangue, he arose and inquired in stentorian tones, and in a rich Irish brogue, "Has inny gintleman a question to airsk?" A stout little Welsh miner, who had been a conspicuous disturber of the peace of the evening, shuffled slowly up the steps of the platform. But at the top he was met by the chairman, who, without the slightest warning, delivered a terrific left-and-righter, and sent the Welshman sprawling on his back. "Now," roared the chairman, "has inny other gintleman a question to airsk?"—and there was no response.

Mr. Aspinall, a clever and reckless barrister, famous in the sixties in Victoria for his fun and audacity, was addressing an election meeting in Balla-

rat, the “golden city.” The lively advocate had come to that time in his career when much whisky and soda had wrought palpable havoc with his complexion. His speech ended, and questions were invited. “Aspinall!” bellowed a stalwart digger, “tell us what makes your face so red.” “Blushing at your confounded impudence, sir!” was the quick reply. It carried the meeting.

Sir Rupert Stieve, an eloquent colonial barrister now living, is as clever a lawyer as Aspinall was, though of very different habits of life. He is also a very bitter opponent of the ministry of one of the jubilee premiers. Speaking at a public meeting not long ago he referred to the complaint that all his charges against the premier were vague and indefinite: “Ladies and gentlemen, there is at least one charge which I have made in season and out of season, which I still make, and about which there can be no kind of doubt. What is that?”—and he paused dramatically. “Six and eightpence!” called a clear voice from the gallery, and for once the laugh was against the man of law.

A bright answer is put down to the credit of Dr. Fitchett, brother of the editor of the Australian Review of Reviews. He was a member of a colonial parliament, wherein one day a certain eccentric and

elderly member named Taylor insisted on making a speech on education. The oration consisted of a hyperbolical eulogy of the board of schools in Mr. Taylor's constituency. Dr. Fitchett interjected some jocose expression of doubt. "Why, sir," said the irate Taylor, turning upon him, "at this very moment I have a school in my eye—" "No, only one pupil, Mr. Taylor!" retorted the doctor, and the orator's eloquence was drowned in laughter.

A HEAVY WEIGHT.

The Atlanta Constitution says that a certain official of a Georgia county interviewed one of his colored constituents and solicited his vote and influence.

"Well, boss," said the voter, "you knows enough ter know dat wotes means money, en I can't git dem niggers ter wote fer you des dry, so."

"I recognize that fact," replied the official, "and am willing to come to time. I have only \$9 to my name, but here's the money."

The voter took it, rattled the silver in his pocket, but still seemed to hesitate.

"What's the matter now?" inquired the official.

"Well, boss, ter tell de truth, I doan think I kin 'lect you fer dis much. Hit'll take nine dollars en seventy-five cents ter 'lect a man like you!"

A FOG HORN STORY.

Congressman Burton, of the Twenty-first Ohio district, tells this story of "Ole Bill Allen," as told him by his father:

"It is said to have happened during the rattling campaign of 1840," says Mr. Burton, "and Allen had been invited to speak in Cleveland. The meeting place was a grove near the corner of Erie and Euclid, and, of course, everybody turned out to hear the famous Ohioan. Then the Whigs, who hated William, made it up among themselves that as soon as he arose to speak they would desert the meeting in a body.

"Sure enough, just as Allen arose and opened his mouth away went the Whigs. But the warhorse was enough for them. He had a voice that covered a township, and he poured hot shot into the Whig party as long as there was a retreating Whig in sight. He gave it to them straight from the shoulder, and if any of them lived over in Ohio City they must have wept on hearing him long after they got home.

"Lord, how the audience roared when the last Whig was out of sight!" said my father. "The spectacle of the deserters hustling along to get out of range of those thunderous invectives was a sight to make the gods roar with delight. I've seen many funny things in politics, but nothing quite so funny as that."

AN ABLE PREACHER.

Hon. Charles Averill Barlow, who represents the Sixth California district, in the Fifty-fifth Congress, says that California has a minister who occasionally varies his routine of sermons and prayer-meetings by putting on the boxing gloves and knocking out any local pugilist who cares to enter the ring with him.

"He is the Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Ramona, Los Angeles County, in my district," says Mr. Barlow.

"Ramona is a mining town, and the first day Mr. Wilson was there the whole talk of the town was about the big prize-fight between Corbett and Lanky Bob, and when he tried to get a crowd together to hold a prayer-meeting they only broke up into knots to talk about the fight.

"This gave the daring young minister an idea, and he at once set about securing a course of lessons in boxing from a local pugilist.

"In a few weeks word was sent around the town that the Rev. Mr. Wilson was ready to knock out any miner of his weight who cared to put on the gloves with him after the prayer-meeting that evening.

"This announcement had the desired effect. That night the music hall of Ramona was jammed, and at none of the weekly meetings which have followed has there been found a single fighter in Ramona who could stand up before the onslaught of the mighty man of God for four rounds."

HE WAS ALIVE.

The grenadiers of the famous “Old Guard” will never be forgotten in France as long as the memory of brave men shall live in the national heart. Some of them, at least, were as bright as they were brave, as the following trustworthy anecdote bears witness:

One fine morning, after the peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two Emperors, Napoleón and Alexander, were taking a short walk, arm in arm, around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man, who was a grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The Emperor of France turned, and, pointing with pride to a great scar that divided the grenadier’s face, said:

“What do you think, my brother, of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?”

“And you,” answered Alexander, “what do you think of soldiers who can inflict them?”

Without stirring an inch from his position, or changing the expression of his face in the least, the stern old grenadier himself replied, gravely:

“The man who did it is dead.”

HOW HE GOT A GOOD "STORY."

The leading characteristic of the younger fraternity of Newspaper Row is its indomitable get up and get after news. Like the boy who was digging woodchuck on Sunday for the parson's dinner, they have got to get it. It was not always thus. Get Nester Shaw, or Preston, or General O'Beirne, or Majah Kyars'n, as the Virginia contingent affectionately called him, to reminisce, and each and all will recall the days when statesmen with views stood like gentle kine to be milched of their milch, when news followed on the trail of the haughty newsgatherer, even as the legendary lamb of Mary hustled along behind her bustle.

Major Ben Colon Perley Poore was one of the best of the old-school correspondents. For him the White House had no terrors, the executive sessions no secrets. He had only to show his massive and rotund form, wave one pudgy hand and say, "Choog, choog," in his seductive way, and statesmen would break down the bars and trample each other under foot to tell him the news.

One day he got into a bob-tailed car at the Capitol after adjournment. In the same car were Senators Anthony, Hoar, Burnside, Chandler, Cameron, and half a dozen Members. Ben. Perley settled himself down, surveyed his companions, pulled a paper out of his pocket, and began to read.

"Well, well," he exclaimed suddenly, "Schenck's dead!"

"Who is dead?" asked Senator Burnside. "Schenck! Very sudden! Poor Schenck," muttered the Major.

Here was food for comment. Senator Burnside told some of his Army experiences with General Schenck. Senator Anthony told how he used to play poker with him. Senator Hoar related some incidents of General Schenck's diplomatic career abroad, and others chipped into the common fund of eulogy, reminiscence, and regret. Major Ben said little, sat still, twiddled his thumbs, and soaked it in. By the time the car had reached the corner of Fifteenth street he had nearly three columns of good matter.

"Let me see that paper a minute," said Senator Chandler. It was handed over.

"Where is this death notice?"

"In the last column of the first page, near the bottom," said the Major as he dropped off the rear step, in front of the Riggs.

It was Pulmonary Syrup Schenck who had died.

A STORY OF ABERNATHY.

This is the story of Dr. Abernathy which Tennyson used to tell:

A farmer went to the great doctor complaining of discomfort in the head, weight and pain. The doctor said, "What quantity of ale do you take?" "Oh, I taakes my yaale pretty well."

Abernathy (with great patience and gentleness), "Now then, to begin the day — breakfast, what time?" Oh, at haafe-past 7." "Ale then? how much?" "I taakes my quart."

"Luncheon?" "At 11 o'clock, I gets another snack." "Ale then?" "Oh, yes, my pint and a haafe."

"Dinner?" "Haafe-past 1." "Any ale then?" "Yees, yees, another quart then."

"Tea?" "My tea is at haafe-past 5." "Ale then?" "Noa, noa."

"Supper?" "Noine o'clock." "Ale then?" "Yees, yees. I taakes my fill then. I goes asleep arterward."

Like a lion aroused, Abernathy was up, opened the street door, shoved the farmer out, and shouted: "Go home, sir, and let me never see your face again. Go home, drink your ale, and be damned."

The farmer rushed out aghast, Abernathy pursuing him down the street with shouts of "Go home, sir, and be damned."

RETORT OF A TOPER.

Following is the Philadelphia variation of this time-honored story. The Record uses it:

In a Market-street car, the other evening sat a couple who were evidently very sweet on each other. The car was comfortably filled, but had the conductor called out: "Sit close, please," space for several could have been made. This loving pair was affording amusement for the whole car, when at the Thirty-third street crossing another passenger entered. His clothing was all awry, and his breath strong with alcoholic fumes. His bleared eyes noticed a small space by the side of the girl, and as fast as his unsteady feet would permit he staggered for it.

The young man evidently saw his idea, but did not budge. The newcomer stopped and then blinked first one eye and then the other. He made a motion as if to sit down, but still the young man would not take the hint. The stranger blinked some more, and just then the car gave a lurch and helped him out of his difficulty. He whirled around unsteadily, and tumbled into the space between the young man and his girl.

"What do you mean, you drunken hog?" exclaimed the young man.

The other looked at him with a flash of temporary sobriety, and retorted: "Yes, we're both hogs. Only difference is I'll get over my fault; you won't."

HOW HE UPSET CLEVELAND.

Francis Earle Stirling, a well-known actor, tells the following:

“In 1884 I was playing juvenile parts and acting as stage manager for Billy Florence. Cleveland was then running for the Presidency for the first time.

“On election day he went from Albany to Buffalo to vote. Florence played ‘The Mighty Dollar’ in Buffalo that night. Political excitement ran high, and the election returns were received and read out on the stage between the acts. Mr. Cleveland and a party of State officials occupied a box. As stage manager, it fell to my lot to read out the returns. The bulletins were full of Republican victories all along the line. In fact the result of the election was, as will be remembered, in doubt for several days. I was within ten feet of Cleveland, and as I read out the returns I felt the cold chills creeping over me as each bulletin gave evidence of Republican gains. At last came a bulletin that Buffalo, Cleveland’s own city, had gone Republican. That settled it. Cleveland and his party left the box.

“Two years later, in 1886, the Florence company played ‘The Mighty Dollar’ in Washington. I was still stage manager. The first night of the engagement President Cleveland occupied a box. This was the first time I had seen him since that memorable

night in Buffalo. Mr. Florence told me the President would probably call on him at the end of the first act, and if he did so to show him into the 'property room.' In one scene in my part I had to make a headlong exit through the 'tormentor entrance' at the prompt side. I was supposed to be kicked out of the room, landing on my hands back of the wing. In the Florence company discipline was very strict. No one was allowed in the 'tormentor entrance' except the stage manager, so I had a clear field for my acrobatic act.

"On this night it evidently occurred to Cleveland that just before the act closed would be a good time to see his friend Florence. This was just before I made my exit. As Cleveland opened the stage door and walked slowly down the 'tormentor entrance,' I made my dive, and my head struck the President squarely amidships. With a half-groan and a half-grunt, his excellency collapsed and fell all over me. I managed to rise, and helped the President up.

"'I beg your pardon,' I said, 'Mr. Florence told me to meet you, but not in this abrupt and forcible way. I regret my action, sir.'

As soon as the President regained his breath, he said:

"'That's all right, my boy. You were attending to your business and I wasn't to mine.'

"Then we went to the property room. There

Mr. Florence introduced 'his little stage manager,' as he called me, to President Cleveland. In the light the President recognized me, and said:

" 'Why if I'm not mistaken, you made me feel uncomfortable once before in Buffalo. Then you knocked down my spirits, and this time you knocked down my body. What will you do next? If all my reverses end as happily as those you gave me, I shan't complain.'

"Then Cleveland and Florence laughed heartily over the way I had upset the President on two occasions."

"SQUIRTING WATER AGAINST WIND."

According to Representative Payne, of New York, Senator Carter, of Montana, is "dead sore" on newspaper reporters.

"They won't print what you want them to print," the Senator is quoted as saying: "But sure if you say anything you don't want them to print, that at once finds favor in their eyes."

"The following dispatch from New York was the causus irritatum of the generally genial Senator:

"New York, Jan. 5.—Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, was in the city to-day, and said an attempt to pass a measure through the Senate based on the plan proposed by the monetary commission would be like 'squirting water against the wind.' "

IN A TRANCE.

Bill Schriver, the Cincinnati catcher, was a trifle green when he first signed with the Brooklyn club. Bill was a typical countryman, but was such a promising ball player that the Brooklyn club decided to take him on a Western trip.

“Where are we going?” Bill asked the manager, as they boarded a train at Jersey City.

“Out West,” was the laconic reply. Then Bill sat beside a window and gazed at the country passing rapidly by. When the train reached Newark, Schriver looked around at the other players and then sank back in his seat. He was apparently nervous about something and kept fidgeting until the train rolled into Trenton. Then he grabbed his valise and bat bag and moved rapidly toward the door.

“Hey, there, Bill!” yelled the players, “where are you going?”

“Why, ain’t this the end of our route?” asked the catcher. “How much further have we got to travel, anyhow?” When Bill finally reached St. Louis he was in a sort of trance.

MR. EVARTS' LITTLE JOKE.

When the Garfield Administration auspiciously opened, Mr. Blaine sat more firmly entrenched in the State Department than any Secretary of State since the days of Seward. It was evident that he was master of the situation. Ministers, envoys, consuls general, consuls, and diplomatic agents moved at his nod, like pawns and pieces on a chess-board beneath a master's hand. One favorite theory of his, and a not unpopular one, was in favor of limited tenures of service and rotation in office. If a consul had slumbered through three administrations at some far-away post, in a dolce far niente of lotus-eating and salary-drawing existence, the keen Secretary astounded him by inviting a return to the shores of America and the appointment of his successor.

Mr. Blaine sat in his private office one day discussing the affairs of state with his immediate predecessor, ex-Secretary William Maximum Evarts.

"Now, here," said he, "is a case in point. This man has been consul at Un Hung for twenty years. He went there during the war, and has remained there ever since. It is time he returned home to get acquainted with his country before he grows a queue. If he stays there much longer, he will have a Chinese bias in his sight. I shall remove him at once."

"I wouldn't remove him, Mr. Secretary," replied Mr. Evarts.

"Why not?"

"I am afraid it will be an unpleasant thing to do. To be vulgar, I fear it will make a stink."

"My mind is made up," replied Mr. Blaine; "as soon as I can find a good, live man to take his place, I shall remove him."

"But I think you will have great difficulty in finding a good, live man who would be willing to take his place."

"I anticipate no such difficulty. But will you explain to me, Mr. Evarts, why you think there will be any difficulty, and—I confess I fail to understand—why it will, to use your expression, 'make a stink?'"

"Because this man has been dead and buried these six months, Mr. Secretary."

RELIGION VERSUS POLITICS.

Clerk—Man wants transportation to Chicago.

Railroad Official—Confounded clergyman, I suppose. Well, I hate to do it, but you may sell him a ticket at half-fare.

Clerk (a minute later)—Man says he's not a clergyman. He's a member of the Legislature.

Railroad Official—Ah! tell him we take pleasure in handing him a free pass.

Selah.

LINCOLN AND JUDD.

Honorable John B. Hawley, now deceased, who formerly represented the Rock Island district in Congress, and who was an intimate friend of Lincoln's, related the following incident a few years before his death:

"One of Mr. Lincoln's first acts after his election to the Presidency was to appoint Norman B. Judd, of Chicago, as Minister to Prussia. Mr. Judd was one of the Trumbull coterie who had persisted in the opposition to Mr. Lincoln for the United States Senatorship. A few months prior to the meeting of the Republican National Convention of 1859, Mr. Judd, an aspirant for the Governorship of Illinois, called at my office in Rock Island, while on an electioneering tour, and in the course of conversation said:

"Name your man for the Presidential nomination at Chicago."

"I promptly replied, 'Abraham Lincoln.'

"Mr. Judd, in a sneering tone, said, 'I am not joking; tell me your honest choice.'

"I repeated 'Abraham Lincoln.'

"He quickly responded: 'I am astonished that any one should think of his nomination, when we have first-class statesmen in our party, like Lyman Trumbull, Salmon P. Chase, and John M. Palmer.'

"The appointment of Mr. Judd was generally opposed by Mr. Lincoln's most intimate friends—David Davis, Jesse K. Dubois, and others.

“On one occasion, in Springfield, when hard pressed by his personal friends, who brought arguments to bear against Mr. Judd’s appointment, Mr. Lincoln replied: ‘I can not understand this opposition to Judd’s appointment. It seems to me (a favorite expression) he has done more for the success of our party than any man in the State, and he is certainly the best organizer we have.’

“Unlike his most intimate friends, the great President cared not for the fact that Mr. Judd placed no high estimate on his (Lincoln’s) ability or statesmanship.”

HE HAD HIS ANSWER.

Representative Moody, of the Sixth Massachusetts district, is credited with this:

Mrs. M., a well-known Bostonian, who talks very wittily and plays very well, once asked Professor Blackenstein what made him so thoughtful.

“Madam,” he replied, “I am wondering how it is you can make the piano talk so divinely and yourself so foolishly?”

“Ah, well,” retorted Mrs. M., “you see, the piano knows it has me to listen to it, whereas I know I have only you to listen to me, which makes the difference.”

“I pray you,” said the professor, “play again. I like your playing best.”

HOW THE MONUMENT WAS PRESERVED.

“There was one little incident in General Sherman’s famous march to the sea that has never been recorded by historians of the war between the North and the South,” said Judge Thomas J. Mackey, formerly of South Carolina, entertaining a coterie of friends in the Southern colony at the Metropolitan.

“South Carolina was the first State in the Union to send a regiment to the front to participate in the war with Mexico. The people of a grateful State caused to be erected in front of the capitol in Columbia a monument to the memory of the brave boys of the First South Carolina Regiment who lost their lives in that conflict.

“This monument is made of pounded brass and represents a palmetto tree. When Sherman’s army entered Columbia, and his soldiers were destroying everything that came their way, several companies made a dash for the shaft. With the butts of their muskets they began the work of demolition. They had not proceeded far when a man on horseback rushed up to them and commanded them to desist.

“‘Not another stroke!’ he cried.

“Several of the soldiers paid no attention.

“‘The next man who dares assault that shaft I will kill!’ he thundered.

“The men saw tears in the eyes of the one who thus addressed them; they also saw that he had

weighed his words carefully and meant every one of them.

“ ‘Soldiers,’ said he, ‘the boys who sleep beneath that palmetto loved their country as much as you or I. They fought as valiantly.’

“And the palmetto still stands in the old town of Columbia. The man who caused it to be preserved was Colonel Paine of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio Regiment; and the people of South Carolina owe him a debt of gratitude they can never pay.”

IT WAS COMMON TALK.

Opie Read says, speaking of complimentary notices his stories have had:

“Several years ago I went back to Arkansas and visited the place where the home of one of my stories is laid. While with the landlord, he said:

“ ‘Here comes an old fellow I let have one of your books. He can’t read, but I told him to take it home and let his wife read it to him. Let’s see what he says about it.’

“ ‘Hello, Jason,’ said the landlord, ‘did your wife read that book to you?’

“ ‘Mawning’, sah. Yes, she done read it to me.’

“ ‘Well, what do you think of it?’

“ ‘Huh, that ain’t no book at all. I done lived here for fo’ty yeahs, an’ I done hearn people talk that a’ way all th’ time.’ ”

COURT KNEW WHAT WAS POKER.

Paul Milliken, who is one of the most popular men on 'change in Cincinnati, rehearses the latest poker incident. A private game had been broken up in a small town which was very religiously inclined, and the players arrested and taken before the county judge. The first prisoner was told by the judicial light to rehearse in strict honesty what was going on when the officer appeared.

"Well — had just dealt. It was a jack pot. Said I: 'Open it, but it will cost you \$2 to come in.' The next player put up the needed amount and said: 'Well, it will just cost \$5 more to be in this play.' The third one advanced it \$3 more, and when it came to me I looked at my hand and found a pair of threes. I had been lucky, and concluded to go in the jack pot and did so."

"Prisoner is dismissed!" cried the Judge, interrupting him in his story.

"Well, what's the trouble?" said the latter, looking about alarmed and studying the Judge in surprise.

"Why, simply this: You are charged with playing poker, and your own evidence shows that you were not," replied the court.

A DELIBERATE ORDER.

Baseball players thrive on good food when they are traveling. Some of them go through the bill of fare at the big hotels like hungry tramps at a cottage door. Several years ago the New Yorks were in Louisville. Dad Clarke and Eddie Burke were sitting at the table together, and Eddie said to Dad:

“You give the order.”

Dad picked up the “program” and was confronted with a long list of French dishes, which Dad wouldn’t have attempted to pronounce for big money.

“Come here!” yelled Dad to the waiter, “and don’t be swelling up in that dress suit.” Then Dad put his forefinger on the bill of fare and let it slide slowly down past the various names.

“Gimme some o’ that.

“Bring me a lot o’ that.

“I want plenty o’ that.

“Lug along a dish o’ this.

“Gimme a pile o’ that stuff, and have it good. See!”

“Wee! Wee!” said the waiter, who turned inquiringly to Burke. Eddie waved him off with the imperious request:

“Bring me the same!”

HE DIDN'T GET THE CRACKER.

Any one who thinks Secretary Blaine was destitute of humor is mistaken. He had a keen sardonic wit when in Congress, and it rarely deserted him. It isn't a far call back to the days of the Hayes Administration, when Secretary Sherman had compelled the resignation of Collector Chester A. Arthur from New York custom-house. The President had sent Merritt's name into the Senate as Arthur's successor. Roscoe Conking fought against the confirmation tooth and nail, and was supported by a dozen other Republican Senators, conspicuous among whom was Senator Blaine, who spoke and voted against the nomination. Senator Conover, of Florida, was nearing the expiration of his term and, though counted on the side of Conkling, was found to be wavering. The Legislature which would elect his successor was Democratic, and he, grateful in advance for expected favors, leaned toward the Administration. He was a candidate for the Pensacola collectorship of customs.

Senator Blaine went to one of his colleagues one day and asked about Conover's position.

"I am afraid he is going back on us, and will vote for Merritt's confirmation," was the reply.

"You go to Conover," said Mr. Blaine, with a twinkle in his eye, "and tell him I say that after he

has rolled in the mud the cracker will be given to the other fellow."

Conover voted for confirmation, and, sure enough, he didn't get the cracker, but was fobbed off with a \$4-a-day inspectorship of some sort. Now this is a story of an executive session, and it mustn't be breathed to a living soul.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

Another day!
As 'twas of old, the stone ye'd roll'd
But yesternight to mountain's crest
Has fallen back, and in its track
Destroyed's the path thy feet had pressed.
Poor, tired clay!

So, day by day.
In care and pain, to start again
The dreary treadmill's ceaseless round,
Until, at last, all sorrow's past,
Thy journey ends beneath the ground.
Poor, tired clay!

Thou'rt foolish clay,
To thus despond, nor think beyond
There dawns a brighter, better life,
Where care is done, where victory's won,
And peace succeeds to earthly strife
In endless day!

JAMES LACOSTE RODIER.

PRaised THE ATTORNEY'S MARE

The New Orleans Picayune says that "Count-and" Bill Brown, of that city, tells the following story of how he passed his examination as counselor-at-law and obtained his license:

"I had my papers filled out and walked over to Judge Joe C. Hill to pass my examination and have my papers signed. It was in the forenoon, and Judge Hill, who, as everybody who knew him was aware, was an ardent and successful turfman, at that time had *Orphan Girl* in training for the Maxwell House stakes, to be run at Nashville, and Brakeman, who was thought to have a pretty good chance of winning the Merchants' stakes at St. Louis, both races being set down for the same day.

"I walked into his office with my papers in my hand, and looking up pleasantly the Judge greeted me as follows:

"'Good morning, William. I understand you want to pass your examination and be a lawyer?'

"'Yes, sir. That's what I'm here for this morning.'

"'Were you out at the track this morning to see the horses taking their work?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Did you see that Kentucky crack, Lelox, and my mare, *Orphan Girl*, work?'

“ ‘Yes, sir. They both went a mile, and you know the track was a bit slow. Orphan Girl finished up strong and swinging all through the last furlong in 0:47, and Lelox was all out and had the boy kicking him in 0:47½.’

“ ‘I reckon my mare has a pretty good chance for the Maxwell.’

“ ‘It looks like a certainty. Lelox is all she has to beat, and he’s as good as done already.’

“ ‘What kind of a plan would it be to send Alcock to St. Louis with Brakeman for the Merchants’ stakes?’

“ ‘The horse is good now, and he has nothing to beat over there. Land him in St. Louis all right, and it’s as good as a walkover.’

“ ‘I think I’ll send him. Let me see—ah! I thought I was forgetting something. We forgot all about your examination. Hand me your papers, William, and see me sign them.’ ”

“Counselor Bill” walked out with his duly attested license, and a short time later Judge Gill won the Maxwell House stakes and the Merchants’ stakes with Orphan Girl and Brakeman.

WHO CAN FURNISH A GRATER ?

The Washington Star will have to plead guilty as the latest perpetrator, in this case, and as well to putting an Ohio man in as party of the second part:

A half-dozen college men were in New York one night not a great while ago indulging in a dinner at the expense of one whose enthusiasm on gridiron heroines had somewhat beclouded his judgment. Part of the party consisted of a Connecticut man and an Ohio chap. The latter while he is smart enough in most matters, is not blessed with a very quick nor comprehensive wit. And he is particularly slow to see a point when there is a mist of mellow merriment before his eyes, as there was on this occasion.

Now, it happens that the nutmeg man is as proud of his State as the buckeye is of his, and they have friendly tilts-at-arms every now and again over the respective merits of Connecticut and Ohio. At the dinner the two sat together, and when the time arrived for any man to make a few remarks who wished to do so, the Connecticut man arose with his hand on the shoulder of his neighbor.

“Here,” he sang out, full and free, with his glass on high, “is to the nutmeg State—who can produce a grater?”

The crowd of diners smiled charitably at the well-worn sentiment and gag. That is, all of them did except the buckeye, and he jumped to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he shouted, with his glass up, "I can. Look, sirs, at Ohio. There she stands, the greatest commonwealth that sits enthroned upon—"

But he never got his metaphors mixed any further. The crowd yelled him down, and for a week afterwards he was trying to choke off unfeeling allusions.

ALREADY REWARDED.

The last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect:

A countryman armed with an immense club, presented himself before the president of the society and claimed the first prize. He was asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founded his claim.

"I have saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swung his weapon in the air to the intense discomfort of the president.

"But where was this wolf?" inquired the latter. "What had he done to you?"

"He had just devoured my wife," was the reply.

The president reflected an instant, and then said:

"My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

WHO IS THE JOKE "ON?"

This familiar old story, in its latest dress, is published by the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

Not long ago a Cleveland man received a letter from a lawyer. It reached him in the afternoon, and when he glanced it over he found that he couldn't make head or tail to it. It was only a brief little note on a slip of paper, but it held that man's close attention for an hour or more.

"Well, by George," he said, "this beats me!" It certainly did, for when it was time to go home he was still studying on it.

He thrust the puzzler in his pocket and sought the homeward-bound motor. Right after dinner he took the letter out and went to work on it again. Pretty soon his wife wanted to know what he was doing.

"Don't bother me," he said, shortly.

But she insisted, and finally he showed her the note. She looked it over with many "Dear, dears" and "Well, wells," and finally she looked up and added:

"Why don't you take it over to Mr. Jimmerson, the druggist? They say he can read anything."

So the man of the house put on his hat and overcoat and stepped around the corner, where the red and green lights glared behind the big windows.

"Hello, Jimmerson!" he cried, "can you make this out?"

And he handed him the lawyer's note. The druggist took it and glanced it over. Then he went a little closer to the nearest gas burner and looked at it again. After a close scrutiny he marched to the rear of the store and disappeared behind a partition. The man who was thirsting for information wondered at this a little, but he somehow connected the druggist's disappearance with a possible desire to use a magnifying glass. Presently the druggist came back again. He had a good-sized bottle in his hand.

"There you are," he said.

"What's this?" inquired the other man.

"Why, your tonic?" said the druggist.

"Who said anything about a tonic?"

"Why, you handed me the prescription."

"The prescription?"

"Yes, here it is."

"What!" exclaimed the other man. "Did you think that was a prescription? It's a letter from my lawyer."

And he went out into the night, roaring with delight, and thoroughly convinced that the joke was very much on the doctors.

NEWSPAPER MAN'S "GOOD THING."

The New York Sun "daddies" this story of Philadelphia newspaperdom:

Every newspaper man who has ever worked in Philadelphia has a stock of stories about one newspaper which shall be nameless, and, curiously enough, they are all vouched for as true. This paper frequently sacrifices news to its traditional dignity, and the ways of the office are sometimes amusing to the uninitiated. A man who was connected with it told this story to a group of newspaper men, and before he had finished it, two of his auditors said that they were in Philadelphia at the time and knew that the circumstances were as related.

The editor of this paper discovered a few years ago that every other paper in town employed a sporting editor. His paper printed little or no sporting news, but, not to be left too far behind, he engaged a man who may be called Bangs as sporting and yachting editor. No one ever saw the results of Bangs' work in the paper. For eight months all letters and clippings pertaining to sporting matters were placed on Bangs' desk. Bangs would report at the office every day, look over the material on his desk, shove it into the waste basket and go home. Once a week he collected \$50 from the cashier.

Philadelphia is not a yachting center, but at that time an event occurred down the bay that was of

general interest, and, for personal reasons, it was of particular interest to the paper on which Bangs worked. This event was scheduled for September 5. Bangs had accepted an invitation to a planked-shad dinner on that day. He wanted to go to the dinner, and at the same time his conscience as yachting editor suggested that it was his duty to cover the one yacht race of the year. The dinner won, and Bangs eased his conscience by thinking that he could get a description of the race in the evening from some one who had seen it.

He returned to Philadelphia late, after his dinner, and merely succeeded in getting the result of the race, which he printed the next morning. To his great surprise, one of the other papers in town printed a column about the event. Bangs read it through and realized that he had been beaten badly.

"There is no use of my going near the office again after this," he said to a friend. "I don't care to go down and be told that I have been discharged, so I will just stay away."

Two months later an acquaintance from New York called at the newspaper office to find Bangs. He could get no information about him in the editorial rooms, and went down and questioned the cashier. The cashier looked over his roll until he came to Bangs' name, and then he said:

"Bangs? Bangs? Ah, yes, Bangs. I remember now. Well, I think Bangs must be ill. There is two

months' back salary here for him, and he used to be very prompt in collecting."

The New York man thought that if Bangs were ill it was his duty to look him up. He found him at a club frequented by newspaper men, and exclaimed:

"Why, Bangs, I'm glad to see that you are out again. What's been the matter?"

"Nothing," said Bangs, chalking his cue.

"Why, the cashier told me that you had not drawn your salary for two months, and he thought that you must be ill."

"What the—why—say, was that all he said?"

"Yes, and he seemed to be worried about you."

A broad smile spread over Bangs' face. He wrote a note to the cashier asking him to give his money to the bearer, and stating that he was convalescing and expected to be back at his desk in two weeks. A messenger took the note and returned with the money. Two weeks later Bangs turned up at his desk and received the congratulations of the staff on his recovery. He said that he had suffered from nervous prostration, and for a month after his return the managing editor frequently cautioned him not to attempt to do too much. Bangs is still thriving in Philadelphia.

ABSENT MINDED.

“Old Man” Kennedy, of the Bon Ton Burlesquers, is said to be one of the most absent-minded men in the country. There is nothing he has not done to secure that reputation, and the man that claims it must challenge him. He has walked down the street in a driving rain with his umbrella raised without being opened; he has looked at his watch to see if he had time to go home and get it, and tradition records that he once rode on the platform of a car, and every time some one got on and the conductor put out his hand for the fare of the new-comer Kennedy would pay his way over again. In Baltimore they say he went out of his lodgings and left a sign on the door “Will be back at 10.” He came in half an hour earlier, read the sign, and sat down on the stairs to wait for himself. But best of all was his experience in Washington. He was walking down the Avenue thinking of the indigestion with which his inner man was suffering. Finally he made up his mind that some chewing gum would help. He walked up to a box, dropped a nickel in the slot, and pushed the handle. He could hear the coin jingle, but no gum came out, hard as he pushed. Then he remembered that a penny was the denomination needed, and had poked six in, without result, when a passer by asked him what he was doing. He had dropped his change in a letter box.

A WAR-TIME POKER GAME.

The story of one of the most curious poker games on record was told at a reunion of Confederate soldiers in Nashville. The company was made up of veterans who had seen active service. They were men of wealth, to whom the winning or losing of a large sum would be nothing serious.

One of the party related how he had seen \$10,000 in gold change hands, and on a single hand at that. The next man to tell his experience raised the first story-teller in a surprising manner. The game in question had been played while the Confederate forces were encamped on the Shenandoah waiting for the Union army to move. The soldiers were supplied with plenty of money, and often the amounts won and lost ran into the thousands.

One day a party of officers sat down to play, and a considerable sum of money passed into the hands of two of the party, the others dropping out.

"On looking at my hand," said one of the veterans, "I found I had only a pair of sevens and I drew down to them. I failed to better my hand in the draw, but I decided to see what my companion, Jack, had or make him lay down. It was Jack's first say, and he bet me a \$100 bill, with 'Jeff' Davis's picture on it. Well, without the least hesitation, I raised him \$200 more. Jack responded by a raise of \$1,000. For the next twenty minutes we kept on

until our last cent was on that table. I remember that the last bet made was of \$11,000. Things were getting interesting. The boys gathered about us and excitement ran high.

"I looked across the table and scanned Jack's face carefully. But I might as well have tried to look through a ten-foot wall. Jack was perfectly self-possessed, and not a muscle of his face moved. But I felt sure he was bluffing, and of course I was."

"What have you got there?" I said, covering his big bet.

"What's your's?" he asked, and I knew from his voice he was my game.

"Oh, I have a pair," I said carelessly.

"How big?"

"Sevens."

"That's good."

"I don't know to this day what Jack had. He tore up his hand and would never tell."

"How much was in the pot, Major?" one of the party asked.

"Let me see. There was just \$32,000," answered the Major, impressively.

"What on earth did you do with so much money?"

"Do with it? Why, I went to the Commissary first thing and bought two pounds of tobacco and a pair of boots."

HE KNEW HELM.

Senator Mills tells this story about Lincoln. It was told to him by a son of John L. Helm, of Kentucky, who lives in Corsicana.

"Old John L. Helm," said the Senator, "was a famous character in Kentucky. He was, if I remember rightly, a Governor of the State, but at any rate *his* position was a most prominent one. When the civil war came on Helm as a rabid secessionist. He could not praise the South too highly, and could not heap enough abuse upon the North. He was too old to go to into the war with his sons, and remained at home, doing all he could to help the Confederate cause and harass the Yankees who invaded the State. Finally he became so obstreperous that the Federal General who was in command near Helm's home put him in prison. The old man's age, the high position which he occupied in the State, his wide connection, and especially his inability to do any actual harm, were all pleaded in his extenuation, and he was released.

Instead of profiting by the warning, the old man became more persistent than ever in his course. Once more he was clapped into jail. This happened two or three times, and finally, while he was still locked up, the matter was brought to the attention of the Federal authorities. Even President Lincoln was appealed to, and asked to commit the ardent

Southerner to an indefinite confinement in order that he might be curbed.

“Lincoln listened to the statement of the case with more than usual interest. Then he leaned back and began to speak, with a smile upon his face: ‘You are talking about old man John Helm? Well, did you know that I used to live, when I was a boy, in Helm’s town. He was kind to me. He seemed to like me as a boy, and he never lost an opportunity to help me. He seemed to think,’ said Lincoln, with another of his almost pathetic smiles, ‘that I would probably make something of a man. Why, when I went out to Illinois, poor and unknown, that man gave me the money to pay my way and keep me until I got a start. John Helm? O, yes, I know him. And I know what I owe to him. I think I can fix his case.’

“And then,” said Senator Mills, “Lincoln went to a desk and wrote a few words. The bit of writing is treasured in the Helm household to this day. This is what the President wrote:

“I hereby pardon John L. Helm, of Kentucky, for all that he has ever done against the United States, and all that he ever will do.

“‘ABRAHAM LINCOLN.’”

NOT THE PUBLISHER OF "WAIFS."

(From the Washington Post.)

A Washington man connected with the publishing business is fond of a practical joke, and has likewise a constant and unchangeable ambition to "show off" in the presence of his wife. Recently he was at a gathering of men where a well-known specimen of his favorite kind of humor was employed to aid in the merrymaking. The next morning at breakfast he said, very gravely:

"Susan, it has been a long time since I gave you anything as a token of my affectionate esteem."

"I need a winter wrap," she suggested, gently.

"We will think of that later. What I mean to give you now is a diamond ring."

"Right now?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, as he dived down into his pocket. "Here is a dime and here (touching the servants' bell) is the ring. There you have a dime and ring."

Then he said "Ha, ha!" at the top of his voice many times.

He was rather tired when he got home that evening.

"Is there any dessert?" he inquired, after he had eaten all that had been placed before him.

"Yes," she answered. "It is something that I am sure you ought to appreciate. I went out and had it especially prepared for you."

She took from the sideboard and placed before him a small card, upon which was printed "Meine." "What's this?" he inquired as he held it off and stared at it.

"That," she replied sweetly, "is mince pi."

A CONVERSATION IN LATIN.

The Punxsutawney, Pa., Spirit, edited by that versatile legislator, Hon. W. O. Smith, who does all the work of the two representatives which Jefferson County is entitled to in the Pennsylvania Legislature, recalls this incident:

The principal of the old Glade Run Academy used to encourage his class in Latin to converse in that classic tongue. He maintained that it was the only proper way to learn a language.

One day the old Professor went out for a moment during school hours, and while he was absent one of the boys took a large quid of tobacco from his mouth and threw it in front of the stove. The Professor came in presently, and, seeing the unsightly chew of tobacco on the floor, pointed at it with a look of disgust, and thundered:

"Quid hoc est?" (What is that?)

"Est hoc quid," quickly responded one of his bright students.

And it tickled the old Professor so much that he said no more about it.

RUSIE SLEPT WITH LIFE PRESERVERS ON.

Amos Rusie, who is the star pitcher of the National League and whose name has been before the public more than any other player during the last two years, because of his recent trouble with the New York club, is a thoroughly sophisticated young man. But there was a time when Amos was, in the language of his fellow-players, a "Rube." That was when he first joined the Indianapolis league team in 1889. He had never been away from that city, and when he came East for the first time Jack Glasscock and Jerry Denny took him under their wings. As a result big Amos was "strung" continually, much to the secret enjoyment of the players.

After playing three games at the Polo grounds the team left for Boston one night on the Fall River boat. Rusie, flanked on each side by his two guardians, stood on the deck as the steamer sailed up the East River.

"When we get out of this river," said Amos, "where do we go then?"

"Away out in the ocean," was Glasscock's quick retort.

"I've never seen the ocean; what is it like?" asked the Hoosier.

"Why, it's nothing but a waste o' water," chimed in Denny. "It reaches from here to England and

Ireland and is a hundred miles deep. A mug that falls into it is gone, sure!"

Rusie shuddered, and proposed to go into the cabin.

"Let's have a game of billiards, Amos," said Charley Bassett, the second baseman.

"All right," replied the pitcher. "Where's the billiard room?" They told him that he would find it by asking the purser, and then they roared when Amos came back with the information that "the room was closed for the night."

It was pretty stormy out and the boat began to roll. Glasscock, Denny, Bassett, Buckley, and other members of the team were apparently frightened, and began to talk about life preservers.

"We'd better put 'em on before we get into the bunks," said Denny, "so that in case the ship sinks we'll float out of the window and be saved."

"What are these preservers, anyway?" Amos asked. Then they took him to his stateroom and told him to stand erect. Denny and Glasscock had brought life preservers from the other staterooms, so that they were able to literally envelop Amos in cork belts. The preservers were put on, too, over the big pitcher's street clothes and he was finally lifted into a berth like a bag of salt. An hour or so later Denny came to the window of Amos' room and shouted through the blinds:

"She's a-sinking! Keep perfectly still and lie

on your back!" Amos followed these instructions to the letter, also supplementing them by not closing his eyes all night. When the team got to Boston in the morning, he whispered to Glascock:

"That was a narrow escape, Jack, I guess I'll go back by rail."

LINCOLN AT AN ARGUMENT.

"I have a story on Abraham Lincoln which has never been printed," said United States Judge C. G. Foster. "In the winter of 1859-'60 Lincoln visited Kansas, making speeches at Troy and Atchison. At Atchison he put up at the old Massasoit House, which every old-time politician will remember. General Stringfellow, John A. Martin, Tom Murphy, and I called upon Mr. Lincoln at the hotel. In the course of the conversation Lincoln turned to Stringfellow, who was a pro-slavery advocate, and said:

"General Stringfellow, you pro-slavery fellows gave as one reason why slavery should not be prohibited in Kansas that only the negro could break up the tough prairie sod. Now I've broken hundreds of acres of prairie sod in my time, and the only question which remains to be decided is whether I am a white man or a nigger."

"General Stringfellow admitted the force of the argument and congratulated Mr. Lincoln upon his pointed, logical way of putting things."

HOW SHE GOT IN.

Prothonotary Frank A. Judd, of Beaver, Pa., was one of a party from that place who visited Washington recently. When I told him I had this volume in press, he told me the following story, which, while he did not claim it was new, I think is good to "go:"

Once at the gate of the great city, to which only good people are admitted, sat the gatekeeper, a wise old man, whom for convenience we will call St. Peter. Along came a lawyer, who said: "St. Peter, may I come in?" "No," said the good old man, "no lawyers can ever enter here."

He of the green bag turned sorrowfully away and sat down by the wayside to await further developments. Just down the road, tripping along with a little red umbrella over her head came a female disciple of Blackstone, wearing a smile intended to vanquish all argument and act as a password to the beautiful city. Of course St. Peter let her in. The poor man on the outside straightway headed for the gate again, and demanded of St. Peter that he should show cause. "You just let that woman in; and she's a lawyer from Ann Arbor."

"Oh," said St. Peter, with a tired smile, "the woman is not a lawyer; she only thinks herself one." And he rapped the lawyer over the head with a big key and bade him begone.

THE REPORT OF A REVOLVER.

The farmer from Loudoun County hadn't seen a snake for three weeks, and when he came into town the other day he was not up on snakes, but he had a story to tell, says the Washington Star.

"Speaking of that Maryland farmer that they sold the gold brick to last month," he said with a chuckle of great superiority, "I guess I must have had one of them Maryland men doing some work on my farm about ten days ago.

"Did you pay him off in gold bricks or wall paper cut to currency size?" inquired the reporter.

"I come mighty near not paying him off at all," he laughed. "He come walking in on me one day when I needed a hand and he didn't look much like a man that would earn much more than he got, but I wasn't very particular. He walked in on my porch where I was taking a minute's breath after dinner and begun operations by asking me if I didn't want to buy a revolver, and he handed me out one that was a beauty.

"Well," says I, after looking over the gun a minute, "I haven't got any money to buy revolvers with, but I tell you what I'll do. I need help, and if you want to work it out you can."

"What'll you allow fer work?" says he.

"Fifty cents a day and found," says I, "but you've got to sleep in the barn."

"I want \$5 fer the gun," says he calculating on

it a minute, 'and that'll be ten days, won't it?"

"To a t-y t-y," says I.

"Then he took me up and handed me over the gun and went to work as soon as he got his dinner.

"I didn't hear a peep from him for nearly a week, but one day in the middle of the afternoon he come over where I was running a hay rake.

"Say, mister," he begun prompt, 'how's this?"

"How's what?" says I, with an idea what was up.

"This revolver business," says he.

"What about it?" says I.

"Well," says he, scratching his head slow and calculating, 'it kinder seems to me that I ain't gittin' even on that there speckelation jist as I orter. I've been workin' here fer most a week and you've got the gun and I don't seem to be any nearer gitting my \$5 than I was at the start. Like's not I may be wrong, mister, but ef you'll kinder explanify and show me jist how the business stands betwixt us I reckon as how I won't be worryin' so much and kin work harder. 'Tain't 'peared to me to be jist right since I took you up that day we made the bargain.

"Course," concluded the Loudoun philanthropist, "I showed him how it was and give him a big laugh and had fun with him, but I give him back his gun and 'lowed him wages and board for the time he had been working, and he kept the gun."

MORE THAN REVENGED.

Mr. Charles E. Dowe, the press representative of Joseph Haworth's "Paul Kauvar" company, relates the story of how Mr. George Wessells once created a profound sensation in Broadway, New York. In one of the scenes of "Paul Kauvar" a woman is supposed to have been decapitated and her head is held up by the hair before the howling mob of Parisian revolutionists. This scene is made dreadfully realistic by the use of a wax head said to have been made by a very fine artist in close imitation of the head of the Duchesse de Lambelle, the lamented maid to Marie Antoinette. Mr. Stone, the manager of the play, had just received this head at his office on Broadway and was admiring the exceeding naturalness of it when Wessells entered. Immense throngs of people were walking up and down the streets in front of the office and Wessells recognized his friend Fred Bert among them. Hurling up the window, Wessells grabbed the effigy by the hair and leaning out over the sill, held the head aloft and, giving a tragic accent to his tremendous voice, shouted:

"Aha! I am revenged at last."

Of course this was intended only for Mr. Bert. Wessells had no thought of the passing crowd. It was a mere bit of impulsive nonsense. But it stirred the street to the most intense excitement. Women screamed and fainted, men stood aghast or

ran here and there shouting for the police. A crowd soon congregated and clogged the street so that traffic was stopped. People pushed and pulled in terrible excitement and jerkily questioned each other. Word ran through the throng that a horrible murder had been committed; that a man had cut a woman's head off and displayed it at the open window.

Wessells, seeing what he had done, became frightened and drew down the window. A policeman soon pushed through the crowd and rushed into the building, the maddened throng pressing close behind him. For a few moments it looked as if nothing could save the occupants of the office from terrible destruction.

Mr. Stone, who had somewhat composed himself, explained the matter as calmly as possible to the officer and handed the head to him, while Wessells, standing near, shouted:

“It’s only a wax head—only wax.”

When public serenity was restored, George Wessells began buying wine for his friends and they do say he has never had a chance to quit buying it; for another friend every now and then comes up to him with the mock-tragic remark:

“Aha! I am revenged at last.”

SEPARATE AND DISTINCT INSTITUTIONS.

"Away back yonder in the early '70s Stilson Hutchins, then a Missouri legislator and now proprietor of the Washington Times, was owner and publisher of two newspapers, the Dispatch and the Times, in St. Louis," says an old correspondent.

"The Dispatch was an afternoon paper and was Democratic in politics, while the Times appeared in the morning, and was of opposite faith, politically.

"At the head of the editorial column in each paper was carried this legend in italic:

" 'While the Dispatch and the Times are conducted under one and the same management, they are two separate and distinct institutions.'

"The story is told that that brilliant newspaper man, Eugene Field, now deceased, was at a time employed by Mr. Hutchins to 'do' the legislative proceedings for his two papers. It so happened that a matter of great importance to St. Louis was before the Jefferson City statesmen. Probably it was the granting of the charter under which St. Louis got her legislative system of government. Anyhow, the measure passed, and the St. Louis delegation, on a Saturday evening, took most of the legislators and pretty much every one else who was loose down to the old French town to announce the news and to properly celebrate the occasion.

"Field was unable to go, but along with some others in a like fix he celebrated, just the same.

"Now, Eugene, contrary to the usual run of the profession, never was able to dally with the festive cup without being punished with a hideous headache, and this instance proved no exception, so that when Hutchins returned with other members for Monday's session he found Major Gilson doing Field's work, while the latter was confined to his room with his head swathed in towels.

"Hutchins was hot. To Gilson he said:

"I suppose, of course, Field was drunk yesterday. When you go to the hotel, tell him I said he need not show up here again, but as soon as able report to the business office in St. Louis and get his money. I will have none of this drunken business."

"Gilson delivered the message, whereupon Field braced up long enough to dictate this reply, which Gilson as promptly delivered:

"Dear Mr. Hutchins: Your message received. In reply, permit me to state (1) that I was drunk yesterday; (2) that I have a horrible headache to-day; but (3) that while yesterday's drunk and to-day's headache are conducted under one and the same management, they are two separate and distinct institutions."

"The discharge didn't 'go'."

IIIS RING IN HIS MELON.

This from a Memphis paper.

Walter L. Herron, general delivery clerk at the post-office in Memphis, has enjoyed a good reputation for veracity among his friends, but the story that he told to them yesterday was all that the most credulous of his friends could stand, and too much for the majority of them. It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Herron called a reporter off to one side of the building and prefaced his remarks with the following:

“Now, I would not be the least bit surprised if you did not believe the story that I am going to tell you, but it is a fact, nevertheless.

“During the early portion of the spring I was down in the vicinity of White Haven, and one Sunday was strolling in the patch which my father-in law, Dr. B. A. Shaw, had planted in melons. Some time during the afternoon I lost a heavy gold ring that I had been wearing upon my watch chain. The chain broke and I spent an hour looking for the ring, but it was all in vain. Nothing more could I see of the ring until yesterday. Dr. Shaw had sent us a fine watermelon for a Sunday dinner and down in the center of it I cut into something that looked strange. Imbedded right in the center of the red fruit there was a white substance like the inner portion of the rind. Into this I cut, and there was the ring that I had lost several months ago.”

Here Mr. Herron saw that the reporter was seriously embarrassed, and he protested that the story was as true as anything that he had ever told in his life.

"You can prove it, by Dr. Shaw," continued the clerk, "and several of the others at the house that saw it. Now, I have not the slightest idea how the ring got in there, but it evidently must have done so when the melon was quite small, and then the melon grew around it. I fully intended preserving the piece of the rind in which the ring was found, but the cook let it get destroyed."

Mr. Herron was wearing the ring that he said remained for several months in a position in a melon corresponding to that which Jonah occupied for a short time in the whale. It was a large, heavy ring, not very thick, but nearly half an inch broad.

THE EARTH GETS HIM.

'Most any man until he dies,
Still "wants the earth," while failure frets him;
But yet don't seem to realize
The earth wants him—and finally gets him.

EACH CHIP WAS \$1,000.

The most famous gambling house in Nevada in the old days was operated by Gentry & Crittenden. The house had a line of credit of a quarter of a million in San Francisco. This firm every month set aside \$3,000 for table expenses alone, for wine flowed as freely as spring water at Saratoga.

A better did not ask if there was a limit to the game. A sport who had sand and cash enough might bet \$50,000 on a single card. The bank's backers counted their millions as Eastern gamesters counted their thousands. In October, 1863, a burly ranchman, John Timberlake, worth a million, came up from New Mexico. He was known as a millionaire in good standing with the San Francisco banks and bankers, and his telegram was good with Mackay, Flood & O'Brien for \$500,000. The old ranchman, with his corduroy trousers tucked in his boots and smoking stogy cigars, was a welcome guest anywhere in Nevada. He chatted an hour with Governor Nye, and after getting two bottles of Pommery Sec inside of him he sauntered into the faro room.

"Give me a stack of thousand-dollar fish" (chips), said Timberlake.

"Certainly, all you want," replied the suave Crittenden, a nephew of the Kentucky United States Senator of that name.

One thousand went on the jack and was lost.

Timberlake lost \$10,000 without winning a bet. He swore and got outside another bottle of Sec. Luck changed, and at 1 A. M. the cattleman was \$50,000 ahead of the game.Flushed with victory, Timberlake ordered a case of wine for the house. But the genius of faro is fickle. The old man made a call with a \$1,000 bill and picked up \$5,000. Luck failed him from that moment. At break of day the burly ranchman, without handing in a dollar, had blown in just \$41,000. He was cross as a bear with a sore head, but tried to smile. "One thousand on the ace." It lost. Old Timberlake rose and said slowly, as if each word weighed a pound: "Crittenden, I reckon I've had fun enough for this one jamboree," and ordering a basket of wine for the house he seated himself at Gentry's ebony desk, and, cool as a cucumber, drew a check on Mackay's bank for \$42,000. When the wine was opened the dealer, in a soft voice, said: "This game is now closed."

A WASTE OF LARD.

"It is a waste of lard to grease a fat hog," says the Honorable Champ Clark, of Missouri.

JUST A PLAIN LIE.

"I was on the gunboat Barracot, down Wilmington way," said the old mariner. "She was a light-draft boat, an' one day orders came from the flagship to take the Barracot an' go up a river there an' see if there were any rebs about. We went, an' we found the rebs, too.

"The river was shallow, an' we had to take soundin's all the time. I was sent forward in the chains with the lead line an' was callin' off the deeps an' marks all nice an' easy when the dad-blamed rebels opened fire on us. A lot of sharpshooters was up on a hill, an' they got our range first-rate, an' the fust thing I knew I an' the man at the wheel was the only ones left on deck. All the rest of the crew had business below. Well, the steersman managed to shelter himself all right, but thar I was, way out on her bow an' no way to get under cover except I expose myself more doin' it.

"Well, the rebs got onto me quick enough an' begun firin' in my direction. I heard the first bullets fly by me, an', thinks I, it's about time to get under cover. I didn't know what else to do, so I begins whirlin' the lead line around my head. Well, I whirled that lead so fast that there wasn't no chance for a bullet to hit me. It was just like I had a solid shield in front of me, an' when we got out of range there was at least a pound of rebel lead stuck in the ship's lead where the bullets hit."

"Why didn't you keep that lead for a souvenir?"

"Well, I s'pose I ought to. But, say, them rebels made me so darn mad firin' at me that way that when we got safe out of range I just gave that ole lead line an extra whirl an' let her go, an' dad blame me if she didn't fly clean back an' kill three of the Johnnies. Yes, sir, that's a fact."

A FRIENDLY BAR EXAMINATION.

A Georgia correspondent sends this account of a young man's oral examination for the bar by a local committee before an old judge, who was also an old acquaintance of the candidate

Being asked, "What is arson?" he scratched his head, and finally said, "I believe that's pizen, ain't it?"

On this the old judge, to help him out, says: "Tut, tut, Jim. Suppose I were to set fire to your house and burn it down, what would that be?"

With quick and emphatic reply Jim says, "I think it would be a dad-ratted mean trick."

But although this answer was not technically accurate, Jim was in the hands of his friends and was honorably admitted.

DEFINITION OF "CUCKOO."

Honorable Charles H. Grosvenor, "the grim old lion of Athens," during the debate on the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission, in the Fifty-fifth Congress, took occasion to roast, as only he can, the Mugwump and the Cuckoo in politics, whereupon Representative Barrett, of Massachusetts pressed the "old lion" for a definition of the term "Cuckoo."

This was Mr. Grosvenor's reply:

"The cuckoo is a lazy but very aggressive bird. (Laughter.) The eggs of the female are not deposited in any nest built by the mother bird, but to save the expense of building a nest, she deposits the eggs in the nest of some other bird. (Laughter.) The bird, the robin, or the wren, or whatever it is, sits patiently until the young appear. After awhile she looks with some interest upon the apparent variety in the nest. (Laughter.) There seems to be a commingling of races. After a longer development, while the mother bird has gone after food for the young, something takes place in the nest, and when she comes back, one by one, the young that she has recognized as hers have disappeared, and after awhile it is discovered that the young cuckoos have dropped the other birds over the fence, and they are dead, and the young cuckoos are occupying the nest. (Laughter.)

"Now, Mr. Chairman, I should never have used

that illustration if I had not been driven to it by the force of the parliamentary thumb-screws that were put upon me by the gentleman from Massachusetts." (Laughter.)

A NATURAL DEATH.

They were telling stories with a wide range of locality, and, perhaps, probability, and the name of Colonel Tom Stuart as a famous Kentucky story teller and man-around-the-State came up.

"What ever became of the Colonel?" inquired a statesman.

"He went West and batted around there for several years, and then came back to Kentucky."

"Is he still living?"

"Oh, no. Been dead twenty years."

"Didn't die a natural death, did he?"

"Yes."

"You don't say! I never would have thought it."

"Yes. He got into a scrap over politics and the other fellow shot him on the spot."

The listener showed his surprise.

"Shot?" he exclaimed. "Why, I thought you said he died a natural death."

"That's what I did say."

"Then how in thunder do—"

"Hold on!" interrupted the other man. You seem to forget that we are talking about Kentucky."

A LACK OF INDUCEMENTS.

"I was down in the mountain country of Kentucky during the month of October," remarked the traveling man, "just before the last election, and one day I stopped at a cross-roads store, where I hoped to sell a bill of goods. On this occasion my man was busy with a family buying party and to while away the time I had to wait, I started a small talk on politics with about as yappy a looking mountain farmer as I ever 'met up with,' as they say in those parts.

" 'How are things going in this country?' I asked him, after a question or two on crops and saw-logs.

" 'Bout ez usual, I reckon,' he responded.

" 'And how's that?'

" 'Republican.'

" I knew the Democrats hadn't much show in the mountains, but I was thinking the Populists would come in for their share this time and get most of it from the Republicans?'

" 'Well, they might uv, if they'd knowed the'r business,' he said, in a tone of disgust.

" 'Why, what was the matter with them? I had an idea they would do a great deal to win.'

" 'So did the rest uv us 'round here,' he said, drawing over closer and becoming confidential, 'but you see, stranger, they didn't know the fust principles uv politics, an' instid uv puttin' up the price

uv votes they talked erbout winnin' by bustin' up the methods uv the old parties, an' they perceeeded to bust 'em by offerin' erbout half the figger either one uv the other sides wuz willin' to pay in a pinch. In course, that sorter thing wouldn't work in this pre-cink, an' the party didn't even git organized. Thar's lots uv us ready to jine, too, but thar's got to be inducements offered, er the old parties is good enough fur us.' "

"HAVE SOME MORE."

Doctor Johnson's tongue spared nobody, and, naturally enough, if any one ever got the better of him in a verbal encounter, it was considered a memorable victory.

In this spirit a Scotch family cherishes an anecdote of his trip to Scotland. He had stopped at the house for a meal, and was helped to the national dish.

"Doctor Johnson," said the hostess, "what do you think of our Scotch broth?"

"Madam," was the answer, "in my opinion it is only fit for pigs."

"Then have some more," said the woman.

DIFFERENCE IN PAY.

"I was doing the Legislature," says a Western correspondent "for a syndicate of newspapers, with some free-lance work on the side, and was making a potful of money out of it. During the course of my ministrations, I discovered a case of vote selling by a rural representative that was astonishing for its smallness. I couldn't find out what the member got, but it couldn't have been much, for the whole matter at issue wasn't worth more than \$4.50 or thereabouts. After exhausting all my sources of information, I thought I would try the member himself and see how guileless he was on a little thing like that. I didn't dare ask him his price, but I did dare to talk about it, and I went at him directly.

" 'Say, young feller,' he said after I had talked awhile, 'how much do you git fer a news item like that?'

" 'It's a pretty big thing for me,' I replied, persuasively, 'and I'll get \$25 for the story, if I can get it complete.'

" 'How much?' he asked, with an eager air.

" 'Twenty-five dollars,' I repeated.

" 'Gee whizz, I'd like to have your job.'

" 'Why? It isn't an easy one. Not so easy as yours, anyway.'

" 'P'r'aps it ain't,' he said, slowly, 'but it pays better.'

" 'How do you mean?'

“ ‘Why, you git \$25 fer jist telling about what I done fer \$5.’

“The syntax mightn’t have been perfect, perhaps,” concluded the speaker, “but the fact was, and that was what I wanted.”

CAMERON’S HEAD WAS SAFE.

In 1869, Honorable John B. Ellis, ex-Congressman from Missouri, published a book which he called “Sights and Secrets of the National Capital.” From this volume, I quote this story of President Lincoln and Simon Cameron:

“During his term in the War Department, General Cameron made many enemies, and the President was literally besieged with requests to remove him. Speaking of the visit of a delegation for this purpose, Mr. Lincoln said:

“ ‘They talked very glibly, especially a man named G——, from Boston, and I finally told them as much—adding, nevertheless, that I was not convinced. “Now gentlemen,” said I, “if you want General Cameron removed, you have only to bring me one proved case of dishonesty, and I promise you his ‘head,’ but I assure you I am not going to act on what seems to me the most unfounded gossip.”

THIS JOKE ON THE JOKER.

Representative Dockery, of Missouri, tells the following story, and while he names no names, it is well in reading to bear in mind that Mr. Dockery, before coming to Congress, a dozen or more years ago, was for many preceding years a practicing physician, and that he is somewhat of a temperance man besides.

This is the way he tells it:

In a Pullman car on a Western railroad one day, a waggish young man, noticing an elderly gentleman trying to put on a light overcoat, went to his assistance. While thus engaged, the young man observed a good-sized whisky flask protruding from one of the gentleman's pockets, and thought it a good opportunity for a joke. Having helped the stranger on with his coat, therefore, he pulled out the flask and said:

“Will you take a drink?”

The old man did not recognize the bottle, and drawing himself up, remarked, very severely:

“No, sir; I never drink.”

“It won’t hurt you,” insisted the wag; “it’s the best.”

“Young man,” said the old gentleman, speaking loud enough for all in the carriage to hear, “if you persist in drinking whisky you will be a ruined man at 40. It is the curse of the land. When I was a boy, my mother died, and the last thing she did was to call

me to her bedside and say: 'My boy, promise me that you will never touch a drop of liquor.'"

"Oh, well, in that case," said the joker, "I must drink it myself," whereupon, suiting the action to the words he pulled out the cork and took a good drink. A moment later he dropped the bottle with an exclamation which certainly didn't sound like a blessing, and yelled, "Ugh! ugh! My mouth's all raw!"

Then it was that the old gentleman discovered his loss, and to the amusement of the other passengers, said:

"Ah, young man, you will be careful before you take another man's property again. I am Dr. —, and that bottle contained some quinine and iron for one of my patients."

NO FEAR OF MOSQUITOES.

When General George Sheridan was camping on the Lower Mississippi, his negro boy, Harry, was one day asked by a friend whether the general was not terribly annoyed by the mosquitoes.

"No sah!" said Harry; "in the evenin', Mars' George is so 'toxicated he don't mind the skeeter, and in the mornin' the skeeters is so 'toxicated they don't mind Mars' George."

OF GOOD CHARACTER.

The following cross-examination of a witness in a court in western North Carolina is said to have been an actual occurrence:

District Attorney—Now, Mr. Blinkins, you swear before this court and jury that you know the defendant's reputation in the community in which he lives, and that he is generally reputed an upright, peaceable, law-abiding citizen?

Witness—Yes, sir.

District Attorney—Now, Mr. Blinkins, don't you know that Lafe Huggins has never done anything but loaf around and drink moonshine whisky and fight?

Witness—Yes, sir.

District Attorney—And don't you know that he abuses and beats his wife terribly?

Witness—Yes sir.

District Attorney—And don't you know that he broke up the Pigeon River camp meeting last winter and whipped the circuit rider?

Witness—Yes, sir.

District Attorney—And don't you know that he kicked his old father down the steps and out of the yard and nearly killed him?

Witness—Yes, sir.

District Attorney—And don't you know that he

was convicted in this very court three years ago of maliciously shooting Deacon Smith's hogs?

Witness—Yes, sir.

District Attorney—And don't you know that he was once accused of stealing a horse, and that the owner of the horse and the principal witness for the prosecution were killed just before the trial was to be had?

Witness—Yes, sir.

District Attorney—And don't you know that his neighbors all know these things?

Witness—Yes, sir.

District Attorney—Then how can you sit there and swear that this defendant's reputation is good in the community in which he lives?

Witness—Why, mister, a man has to do a heap wuss things than that to lose his character in our neighborhood.

A SLIGHT INACCURACY.

Representative Williams, of Mississippi, commenting on Mr. Dingley's statement as to the conditions of the Government's finances at the opening of the second session of the Fifty-fifth Congress, said the statement reminded him of a story of a man who after presenting an account to another, asked:

“Isn't the account right?”

“Yes; except in two particulars. The figures on the debit side are not right; and figures on the credit side are all wrong.”

SHE HAD THE PASS.

Along in the summer of 1890, the Kansas City Times had the following:

A tall, angular-looking woman walked up to Conductor Joe Collins, of the Southern Kansas road, at the Union Depot, and attempted to board the train.

"Let me see your ticket, please," said the conductor, in his characteristically polite manner.

"I won't do it; I know where I'm going," replied the woman, rather tartly.

"Oh, but you must. You can not get on the train unless you do. It is the rule," said Collins. "You must let me see your ticket."

"I don't travel on a ticket. I have a pass," exclaimed she, loftily, and again she attempted to pass.

"I must see your pass, then."

"Well, you haven't sense enough to tell whether it's a pass or a ticket, I guess."

But she showed him the pass. It was all right—an annual pass. It was issued to Mrs. Mary Lease, denouncer of monopolies, female orator, the oracle of the Farmers' Alliance.

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